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KETURAH-COLLINGS.

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THE VISCOUNTESS CRICHTON AND HER DAUGHTER.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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LITTLE 'UNS . . . AND BIG 'UNS.

IT will be unnecessary to explain to a great number of our sporting readers the meaning of the phrase placed as the title of this article. It is the poacher's method of describing pheasants' eggs and partridges' eggs, and it would appear, even if we had not known it before, from the speech delivered by Lord Westbury at the meeting of the Field Sports Protection and Encouragement Association, that the poacher at the present moment is more active than ever. But to some extent he has changed his methods. A generation or two ago he made some pretension to love of sport, and went out to kill feathered and furred game in a spirit that had something of adventure about it. He has deteriorated with the times, and at the present moment has become merely a petty thief. In the words of Lord Westbury, "egg-stealing has assumed the proportions of a vast business," and he went on to say that the report of the Association contained accounts of prosecutions in twenty or thirty counties. All this is in spite of the Game Egg Guild, a praiseworthy body of sportsmen who have endeavoured in every possible way to check the practice of which Lord Westbury complained. But the task has proved much more difficult than was at first believed. Egg-stealing to-day is done in a very methodical manner, and there can be no doubt on the part of those who have made any enquiries into the matter that there are several classes engaged in it. First of all comes the village rough, the sort of man who in former days set wires for hares and rabbits, and on moonlight nights shot the pheasants when they were at roost. The chief temptation to a man of this kind to-day is that a trade can be done so easily either in pheasants' eggs or in those of the partridge. Many landowners and farmers encourage the wild birds to breed. They look nice on the estate, and there is a belief on the part of a great many that they afford the best shooting. Long ago the poacher rather neglected this side of his calling, as yielding very little in the way of money return.

If he came across a nest in the nettles by the wayside or in a grass field he would simply take the eggs home and fry them for supper. But he did not think it worth his while to make any systematic effort to raid the whole estate. This has been rendered worth his while by the extension of rearing. For

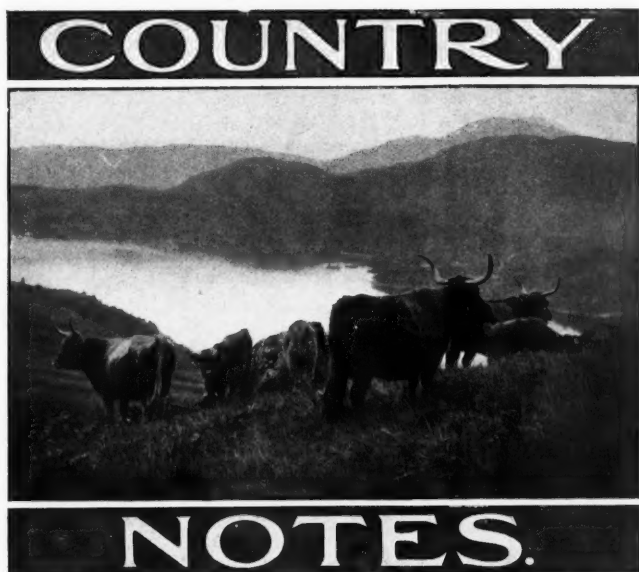
one man who reared pheasants half a century ago there are probably a hundred who do so now, and the growth of this practice has brought into existence a new calling in the shape of the game farmer. No doubt the majority of those engaged in it are thoroughly honest and respectable. They have no wish beyond that of earning a livelihood; but there are black sheep in every flock, and it is no stain on game farmers as a class to say there are dishonest individuals among them, just as there are dishonest lawyers, clergymen and soldiers. No one would say that a class was impugned because individuals belonging to it had broken the law. The chief point is this. It is obvious that a man who keeps pheasants in captivity for the purpose of selling eggs and poults is in a position to get rid of eggs if he wishes to do so. He may have a legitimate hundred to dispose of; but who is to know if, instead of the hundred that his own pheasants have laid, he should sell 200, 300 or even 1,000? It is his business to sell pheasants' eggs, and no record except his own is kept of the quantity. Now it is to the black sheep that the village rough goes with his plunder. He knows that he can dispose of it to such a man, and the transaction is one extremely difficult to detect and verify. A certain amount of surveillance has in many cases disclosed the fact that the ostensible game farmer has sold far more eggs than could possibly under any circumstances have been obtained from the pheasants in his own possession. The receiver, in the first place, is usually a little man, but there are others who carry on the business on a scale of the greatest magnitude. Lord Westbury was perfectly correct in saying that egg-stealing had assumed the proportions of a vast business. There are men known who make it a boast that they scorn to deal in eggs in lots of less than four figures. They will not buy by the dozen or the hundred, but prefer to do so by the thousand, and owing to the facilities enjoyed by the trade it is most difficult to convict them of any offence. Lord Westbury blamed the gentlemen who purchased eggs in a very strong manner. He said that their doing so was a blot on modern game-preserving, and he went on to inform his audience that there were gentlemen, who ought to know better, ready to buy eggs through keepers without scrutinising the manner in which they had been obtained.

Lord Westbury said that the keeper was instructed to get up a bigger head of game than anybody else, and the means by which he sought to obtain this end were not looked into. This is a very deplorable state of things, yet we doubt if any very satisfactory remedy can be found. He had not much more to recommend than the employment of plenty of watchers during the egg season; but landowners of limited means reply to that that the number of people it is necessary to employ on an estate is increasing every year. At the same time, Lord Westbury gave some practical hints of a different kind that might be useful in conjunction with active efforts to suppress the poacher. He told his friends to insist on their keepers killing the rats, and this was sound advice. During the pheasant-rearing season the keeper is so much engaged with his poults that he has no attention to spare for the rodents, and where there are rats, said Lord Westbury, there will be no partridges. He also advocated the importation of live partridges from Hungary, and, undoubtedly, this serves a double purpose. It improves the breed by bringing fresh blood into it, and it abolishes the danger attendant on buying eggs. The form of poaching which has been described is one of the most demoralising conceivable, and Lord Westbury has good grounds for enjoining his friends to take action towards its suppression. As far as we can see, the soundest and most practical method of doing this is to strengthen the hands of the Game Egg Guild. Here we have an organisation making every effort to purify the business done by its members of everything illegitimate. Obviously, too, the Game Egg Guild may be exhorted to increased vigilance. The multiplication of game farms goes on from year to year, and consequently the number of people engaged in producing eggs and poults is the more likely to include shady members. So far the Game Egg Guild has taken praiseworthy measures to purge its ranks of those on whom any grave suspicion lies. They ought to do this with still greater vigour, so that the stamp of the Guild will be a guarantee to the buyer that every egg bought and sold has come to the market through an open and proper channel.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Viscountess Crichton and her daughter. Lady Crichton is a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster, and married in 1903 Captain Viscount Crichton, D.S.O., the eldest son of the Earl of Erne.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



SIR EDWARD GREY put into clear language a very interesting problem at the International Conference for the Investigation of the North Sea Fisheries. He said it must be a question of increasing interest as to "whether the means of capture of fish in the sea and the increase of the demand were tending to overtake the natural supply." It is evident from this deliverance that Sir Edward Grey has given considerable attention to the representations of those who assert that the steam trawler is too deadly a machine. We have been accustomed to talk of the sea's supply of fish as being unlimited, but that was in days when only primitive nets and simple lines were used to capture them. Now, those huge steam trawls sweep the ocean floor and collect almost everything living between the surface and the bottom. We know that there is a limit to the productiveness of the land, and that the soil will become barren and exhausted if we take too much from it without giving anything back, and it would seem that the case with the sea is not very different. Its inhabitants are being seriously diminished by the means now adopted for their capture. The subject is one that should be dealt with by a conference of the nations.

The Board of Trade report on the condition of labour in May is fairly satisfactory. It would seem that employment was just about as good in that month as it had been in the month before, and all the trades except ship-building and engineering showed a greater activity than they did for the corresponding month of last year. Perhaps as good a test as can be found of the prosperity of the country is the rise and fall of wages. When an increase takes place it is tolerably certain that as a rule the industry is busy and profitable, and when wages are lowered it is because dulness of trade has set in. It seems that during May the changes in the rate of wages resulted in a net weekly rise of over £20,000, and during the first five months of 1907 the net increase in wages amounted to £100,000 per week, as compared with the net increase of £24,000 in 1906. As the labouring classes were fairly well off before, it is a fair inference that this rise, or a great portion of it, ought to be available for investment. Not only so, but the increased profit of the employers of labour, one would think, should be also a margin for investment. Yet, as a matter of fact, the Stock Exchange never was duller, and the universal complaint is that it is difficult to find capital for even the soundest and most remunerative stocks.

A very interesting meeting was held the other day at the house of Mr. Robert A. Yerburch at Kensington Gore. The object of it was to hear an account given of the proposal to establish the Mercia Agricultural Settlement and School of Instruction. The idea is to have a school for teaching how work should be done on small holdings, and at the same time to erect a number of cottages, say, ten or twenty, at rents varying from £15 to £30, and to give to each tenant some land at 25s. an acre. It seems to be a practical idea that would help the small-holding movement forward. Mr. Willis Bund, who was present, on the whole supported the proposal, but he brought forward two objections to it. He thought that the farmers would not care for the settlement, because it would tend to intensify the existing shortage of labour. He thought, too, the small gardeners would feel a certain jealousy, because of the interference with their markets. He advocated co-operation as the only means of successfully combating the opposition, and therein lies a key to the solution of the problem.

The fact that the building of the Campanile of St. Mark's is going on surely and steadily will be hailed with satisfaction by most lovers of Venice. The work has, indeed, met with many an interruption and many a set-back since the decision was made to rebuild the tower, the worst being the subsidence of the foundations, when after a solemn function the first stone was laid some three years ago. Fresh plans had then to be made for guarding against so fatal a danger, and much of the work done had to be taken down and begun anew. This difficulty having been overcome, a fresh alarm was raised over the quality of the brick and other material used in the work of construction. Again the works were suspended, and the committee who had the directing of these works met to discuss the question. After an interval of months the building was again resumed. It is now progressing steadily, and a height of nearly roft. of solid brick has been reached at the highest point, standing upon the five steps of Istrian stone which form the base. Some kilns near Treviso supply the bricks for the building, and the plan for the ascent of the Campanile is the same which existed of old. This consists of a gradually sloping plane leading upwards almost imperceptibly—far less tiring to mount than a series of steps, and lending itself the legend that it would be possible to ride up to the top should such a form of ascent commend itself to any modern mind. It is calculated that some three to four years must elapse before the belfry can be finished, provided always that fresh alterations or interruptions, such as those which have already occurred, do not interfere too frequently with the work.

DREAMS IN VENICE.

Last night as I lay on my bed and the night went through.
Sleep shook a feather of dreams from his wings of the moon
And it fell on my eyes, dear Heart, and I dreamed of you—
Of you and the stars and the peace of the still lagoon.
But a light wind lifted the feather, and lo! my dreams
Lay in a garden of roses set in the heart of noon,
And beyond it the beech-clad hills and the fields and streams,
The rapture of thrush and merle and the cushat's croon.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY. *

The literary purity of the London County Council is a thing to excite awe and wonder. One of the latest feats of the Education Committee is to exclude Mrs. Gaskell's novel, "Mary Barton," from the list of books for the scholars' lending library. In their opinion, this book, which they acknowledge to be one of the writer's masterpieces, is not suitable for the use of the scholars attending the public elementary schools. When put to the question they admitted that it was a splendid book for adults, but one that should not be placed in the hands of children. Mr. Burchell's monosyllable "fudge" is about the only suitable reply that could be made to this argument. Mrs. Gaskell was incapable of writing anything that could not be put in any library whatsoever. At any rate, by their action the County Council will have excited the curiosity of every child who attends an elementary school, and they may depend upon it that there will be much searching in the novel for the objectionable passages. Fortunately, they cannot close the free libraries. Mr. Ruskin, who knew as much about what children should read as the members of the Education Committee of the London County Council, recommended that children should be turned into a library as young horses are turned out to grass, to graze where they will.

Some of the Imperial Yeomanry who have been out lately under canvas have been undergoing hardships scarcely less severe than those which they would have had to face if they had been actively campaigning. The weather has been at its worst in the North of England, and the sufferings of the Northumberland Imperial Yeomanry may have been about the worst that any of these corps were called on to endure, but they are typical of the condition of things elsewhere. There have been torrential rains with thunder over much of this part of the kingdom, and the place on which the camp of the Northumberland Yeomanry was pitched has been described as having been converted into "one large lake," and the men had to quit the utterly inadequate shelter of their tents and seek lodging for the night wherever they might find it. In the circumstances it is not surprising to hear that a large number have gone on the sick list.

At the Sanitary Institute the other day Dr. Hyslop, senior physician to the Royal Bethlehem Hospital, gave a most interesting address on "Noise in its Sanitary Aspect." In these days of electric cars and steam omnibuses any London audience would yield a very sympathetic attention to the remarks made upon this theme. But it is very doubtful if many people understand how much they suffer from noises. They feel and express annoyance, but, according to Dr. Hyslop, much genuine injury is done. He says that frequently children who have been ill and complaining when living in proximity to street noises have recovered their health on removal to a quiet neighbourhood.

Their elders have had the practice of shutting doors and windows to avoid noise, and this is a habit very much contrary to the doctrine of the open-air treatment. It must certainly tend to the spread of tuberculosis. Worst of all, a succession of noises means a succession of shocks. The ear, unlike the eye, has no lid under which it may go to sleep; and, indeed, it has been proved that the sense of hearing is at work just after sleep comes on. Considerations of this kind lend very great importance to the remarks of this skilled physician.

We notice in *The Times* that a summary has been given of a report made by Professor Wright upon the inoculation experiments that have been carried out at Kilmarnock. Professor Wright is not very sanguine about this discovery, but he seems to be reporting too early. It is stated that the experiments were begun in 1905, when the Board of Agriculture received inoculated material from the United States Department of Agriculture; but then it is well known that this culture was a general failure, because the medium in which it was conveyed could not preserve it fresh. Both in the United States and in Germany we are told these bacteria culture have been used with success. And there is no reason why they should not succeed here. It has been only, however, within the last few months that Professor Bottomley has been able to send out samples for trials. The only report that will be of value, therefore, is one that can only be written after the harvest of the present year.

The opening of the new tube to-day from Charing Cross to Golder's Green and Highgate completes a system of communication in the metropolis so adequate that, when once its ramifications are understood, the Londoner should find no difficulty in reaching any given spot, north, east, south or west, in about a quarter the time he has hitherto had to allow for the journey. The breezy heights of Hampstead, the sward of Queen's Club, Lord's or the Oval, the open spaces of Bedford Park and Clapham Common, all are now as easy of access as if they were but a mile away. The stimulus to the erection of houses on the outskirts of our great city is enormous, and these subterranean lines should do much to relieve the congestion of the main thoroughfares, a problem which is threatening to become a very difficult one to solve otherwise. We used the word "completes," but other extensions are even now foreshadowed—one from the Great Central to Paddington, and another from Holborn to the Strand. We shall take them as a matter of course when they come, but the amount of ingenuity of skill and calculation involved in their inception and construction deserves more than a passing thought.

Taken on the whole it has been a poor May-fly season. The hatch has been sparse and the trout consequently shy of it. Fishing a Gloucestershire water last Saturday, it was hard to find what fly the fish would take. They had evidently been taught caution through the last three weeks, and on the only occasions when they came boldly to the artificial it was to a spent gnat. These trout were distinctly gregarious; big and little were lying cheek by jowl in several of the holes, and there was none of that vicious "driving" going on which is characteristic of feeding trout in other rivers. They even allowed the dace to share their water and feed unmolested. Stray May-flies will probably be seen about for some days yet, and it will be well worth the fisherman's while not to discard the smaller patterns from his box. Fishing through the next six weeks should be all the better for the trout not having had their customary gorge.

Garden-grown English strawberries came into the market for the first time this year early in the present week. It would seem from the quantities brought at the very beginning of the season that the crop must be a large one; but the actual berries we examined did not seem to have ripened all round. They were not red, but red and white, and it is greatly to be feared that the continuation of the present weather may ruin the crop. This is a matter of importance, because the strawberry area is extending every year, and the competition between growers for the patronage of the London market is so intense that prices are always threatening to fall below the remunerative point. On the other hand, the taste for early strawberries seems to be growing, although eating them in this June weather, that seemed cold enough to demand a Yule log, was a distressing and damping experience.

In the Open Golf Championship, which has been the leading event of the week, the feature of the first round was the magnificent play of the French champion, Arnaud Massey. Herd had played very fine golf in the morning, and done a round equal to the best record of the green; but, though he played extremely well in the afternoon, he had the ill-luck to encounter a storm of wind and rain, with the result that his card did not compare favourably with that of the morning. Massey, however, played in a manner to delight the experts. His driving, especially, was

something to see—long and always directly on the line. But the other part of his game could scarcely be called inferior; and at the moment of writing it would appear evident that he is making a strong bid for the championship. During the past winter Massey won the Grand Duke Michael's prize in the Cannes Tournament, but this last performance, done in such adverse conditions of weather, is far in advance of anything he had previously achieved.

The most finished bit of stealing in the annals of crime was perpetrated at Ascot on Tuesday, when two well-dressed thieves calmly put the Gold Cup into a bag and made off with it in a motor-car. Such is the story in its brief bald essence. The jewellers who were responsible have made a long explanation, and that of the constable on the spot, who seems to have been nearly thrown into a fit by the shock, adds nothing to it. It would appear that the two criminals, as we suppose we must call them, being possessed of matchless effrontery, and also being in no way deficient in intelligence, simply chose the simplest, and at the same time the boldest, way of bagging the Cup. Evidently they had the resources of civilisation at their back, for they placed it in a motor-car, which sped swiftly away with them and their booty. It was a scheme that might easily have ended in failure; but nothing succeeds like success, and it is hard to refrain from admiring cleverness, even when it is an accomplishment of the dishonest.

JUNE ROSES.

Roses blush and roses fade,
Rose and blush are quickly dead,
Other roses bloom instead,
Wherefore, June, be not dismayed.
Though, beneath the merry sun,
Petals frail and fugitive
Scarce the long hot day can live,
Falling softly, one by one.
For, or e'er the summer night,
Short and sweet and swift as roses,
Passes, lo, the dawn discloses
Rosebuds opening to the light.

G. M. G.

There is very little doubt that seals are on the increase along many of our coasts, and their increase is one among many various causes to which the fishermen are attributing the real or the apparent failure of their fishery. In some parts a reward is being given for every seal that is killed, and though some well-meaning people may gravely disapprove of such rewards on humanitarian grounds, it has to be remembered that the death of every seal implies the saving of many fishes' lives; therefore even on the humanitarian argument the setting of a price on the seals' heads may be defended. On utilitarian grounds no one who has fished much for salmon on rivers such as the Tay, for instance, where the seals abound at the estuary, and has seen the numbers of the big fish which have been marked by the stroke of the flappers of the seal, will doubt that the destruction by the seals of smaller fish which are less able to make their escape good must be very large indeed, and the professional fishermen, who have so many more opportunities for such observation, are still more fully convinced of it. The reward, however, is not an easy one to earn, for on shore the seal is very wary and hard to stalk, and he is far too strong in the water for the fisherman to wish to find him in the net. Indeed, the harm that he does to the nets is not the least of his crimes.

Anyone who knows much of the manners of sea-birds at the nesting season will not need to be told that certain species, or more rarely two species joining forces, are apt to allocate to themselves certain places for breeding, which they look upon as their own, and from which they will vigorously hunt all intruders. Thus the lesser black-backed gulls will be found breeding on one island of a group, with a colony of puffins living in holes in the ground below them, while a little further on some cliff pinnacles may be in the almost exclusive possession of a tribe of guillemots. An occasional oyster-catcher and a few herring-gulls seem to be the only interlopers that are tolerated. On another island of the same group cormorants will be in sole tenancy. Instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely. On one of the Farne Islands, a rock which had been in the occupancy of cormorants for many years was swept at the breeding season, for two years in succession, by an exceptionally high tide coinciding with a heavy storm. The result was that the cormorants deserted this immemorial breeding-place, and established themselves in the centre of one of the other islands with the gulls, which had formerly lived on it without rivals, still nesting around them.

It appears that the gulls did not succeed of themselves in ousting the intruding cormorants, but eventually made the conditions of life so hard for them that they have now returned

in a body to their old home on the Megstone, the southernmost of the Farnes. The method of the gulls was to wait all round in a circle whenever any visitors came to the island until the cormorants had been scared off their nests and then to pounce on the eggs before the parents could return to them. It is not to be supposed that the gulls had any further motive in so doing than to make a meal of the eggs, but, no doubt, it conduced to

the ultimate result of the cormorants being driven away. The Megstone, on which they are now settled again as of old, stands so far above the height of ordinary tides that it seems surprising it could ever have been completely swept by the sea. Seagulls, especially the black-backed kinds, are insatiable in their egg stealing, and it is said that on the Farnes the numbers of the eider-duck are being diminished owing to the gulls eating their eggs.

WITH A CARAVAN IN THE SOUTH.



Ward Muir.

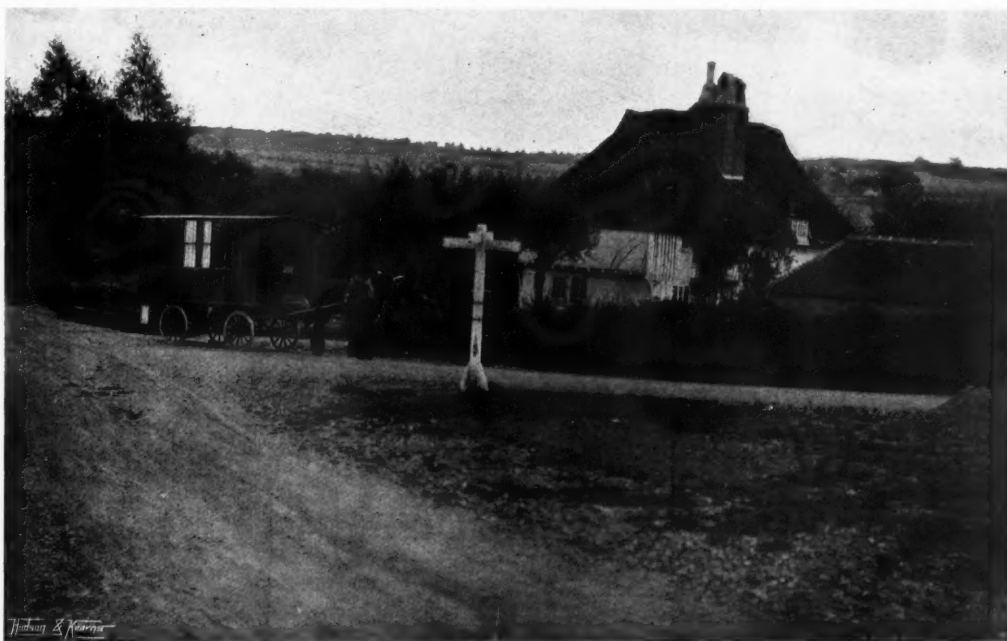
UNDER THE TREES ON A SUSSEX COMMON.

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THE caravanner in this favoured land need never lack variety of experience. A vast choice of routes is open to him, between the Scottish Highlands on the one hand and, let us say, the lanes of Devonshire upon the other. He will find

varying conditions in almost every county, and no two journeys will bear the same complexion when he comes to look back upon them. After touring for the last few years only among the great spaces and broad views of the border country, it was a strange experience to find myself in Kent and Sussex, shut in by high hedges, and smothered in woodlands mile after mile, with that powerful sense of strenuous growth on every side that strikes one so forcibly in the South in May. Accustomed as one has been to regard the caravan as a bold and prominent object upon the landscape, visible probably for miles on every side, this new form of—I had almost said “subterranean” caravanning, where even the roof of the van often fails to overtop the hedges, had at first a stifling and almost a depressing effect. But my chief quarrel with the country in the course of the

opening day's march—the uncomplaining frame of mind, which means that one has got into one's stride, and is well content with things in general, is not always present in the first few hours of a tour—was in the continual recurrence of



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IN THE HEART OF KENT: A HALT FOR WATER.

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Ward Muir.

AT THE CROSS ROADS.

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really useless little hills. It seems to me, upon reflection, that these counties to which I refer suffer woefully from the want of a coherent water system. I like well to toil up a long, sweeping hill, though it may rise for many miles on end, so long as I can see the stream diminishing beside me, and come at last to the water-shed with its promise of a new descending stream upon the farther side. But in Kent and Sussex I can find no valleys, no water-sheds, indeed, no streams to speak of. A dozen times a day one must encounter what the local carter calls "a sharpish little shoot of a hill." One must labour up it with no prospect of a view, and down upon the farther side without coming to a level at the bottom. And thus with this continual handling of brake, roller and skid-pan, progress was slow, and marches fell short of expectation.

But when the uncomplaining frame of mind, which is the caravanner's best possession, came to me on the second day, I saw at once that there was a fitness even in this. On lonely moorland marches, everything is, so to speak, upon a grand scale—the view, the rise and fall of the ground, the distance to a possible camping-place within reach of a farm; and, naturally, long marches become the order of the day. But in

the gentle Southern country, though one may sometimes wish for more expanse and freedom, one finds full compensation in the beauties of the woods and hedgerows, the quaint old houses and pleasant villages. The treasures of the country are heaped close together here, and it would be folly to rush past them. One falls into a lingering, contemplative habit, in which it is no annoyance to have to wait half-an-hour for a trace-horse at the bottom of some break-neck hill, for there is sure to be a moated grange, historic farmhouse or noble clump of oaks near by, which one would like to see. In the north of Sussex the traveller finds himself already stumbling upon the outposts of London, and must turn sharply south to avoid those sinister signs of a too dense population—villas and golf links. For wherever the farmer is pushed into a corner by the building contractor, the district is already lost, from the caravanner's point of view. He may also make up his mind to retire from the uneven contest and let the motorist have the main roads to himself. But this is no hardship, for he will find a wealth of lanes and byways elsewhere.

A certain ingenuity is sometimes required in successfully skirting large towns without too far losing one's course. In the case of Tunbridge Wells we were



Ward Muir.

CAMPED ON A VILLAGE GREEN.

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most successful, moving for a whole afternoon—according to the sign-posts—at a distance of three miles from it, and thus making a complete semi-circle from west to east. But the same endeavour with regard to Sevenoaks resulted in a ridiculous situation. We told each other that at all costs Sevenoaks must be avoided, as it stood high upon a ridge, and could only be approached by a steep hill. And we were tired of hills that afternoon. Carefully we planned a brilliant cross-country march by narrow lanes, which should bring us out upon the farther side without a climb of any sort. For an hour we moved on between our hedges, on a level road, and well pleased with our wisdom and forethought, till the dusk found us, the centre of an admiring ring of rustics, face to face with, I think, the steepest hill I have ever surmounted in a caravan! I know not what the gradient of it was, but we were told for our comfort that it had been selected by a local automobile club for hill-climbing trials as being the worst hill in the county of Kent; and it was more than a mile long. We reached the top at last with the help of a trace-horse. Still, for my part, I go through Sevenoaks next time.

But the camp is, after all, the main business of caravanning, and we found



Ward Muir

SNUG QUARTERS NEAR A FARMHOUSE.

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Ward Muir.

BY SHADY WAYS, IF ROUGH.

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charming and secluded camping-grounds, and warm hospitality from farmers, wherever we went. I do not yet exactly understand the complicated rights, as explained to me on one occasion by an irate gamekeeper, of that august personage, the Lord of the Manor. On that particular spot—a clump of trees by the roadside—it seemed one might camp for one night without let or hindrance, but must move on a distance of roysds. on the following day. Unfortunately, life is too short for experiments, else it would, I think, have been a pleasant thing to have occupied that camping-ground—which may have been some 40vds. square—till one had exhausted it, and seen how many little journeys of not “less than ten yards” one could make without using the same place twice.

The camp is the main thing. In the grateful memory of one camp in particular, among great trees on the edge of a plateau, with a golden sea of gorse below, and a nightingale in the coppice, I can forgive the motors and the gamekeeper. And when I think of the evening meal that I cooked there on the turf

beside the caravan, in the sunset, and of the thankful souls who shared it with me, I can almost find it in my heart to forgive the hill near Sevenoaks.

BERTRAM SMITH.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

OF the many reprints that have been made of recent years, few are as interesting as Mr. H. Bellyse Baildon's edition of *The Poems of William Dunbar* (Cambridge University Press). On the general reader the Middle English acts as a deterrent, yet it may be overcome with a little patience. It is often only the spelling that makes the text look formidable, a great number of the words themselves being still in use. And Dunbar is worth the trouble. True, his themes and language are frequently too Rabelaisian for modern taste; yet he is what Scott called him, “an excellent poet, unrivalled by any which Scotland ever



Ward Muir.

A SUNKEN LANE.

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produced," though with Robert Burns in our view the latter part of the statement needs qualification. But Burns was of his tribe. Allow for the difference of language and the changes made by three centuries, and we find in both the same keen observation, the same deep interest in the contemporary life round them, and the same spirit, wit and energy of expression. Moreover, the peasantry of a country are the last to alter. Within five-and-twenty miles of London it is still possible to meet a yeoman in knee-breeches who might have walked direct out of an eighteenth century novel. On his stand-off, independent, surly, shrewish face, labour and ownership have written the same lines as they did when Addison was describing the breed. Statues, pictures and poetry all show that the typical Scott has been born and reborn in every generation since that of Wallace wight, "fair and false," as he was called by his enemies, shrewd and crafty as he knew himself to be. A dour piety tempered by irreverence, a tenderness that gave us the best of the ballads and a lewdness in which both Burns and Dunbar revelled, are the compound knit by sagacity that could be over-reaching, and resolution that often developed into stubborn obstinacy. The peasants of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were what the nobles had been in the fifteenth.

Little is known of Dunbar's life, but such facts as have come down to us lead to the inference that he had full opportunities of observing the life he satirises so vigorously. He was born in a wild era of Scottish history, probably about the year 1460. James II. died about the time he was born, James III. was killed at Sauchie before he was thirty, and James IV. became his patron and continued so until he fell at Flodden. From the "Flying" between himself and Kennedy, and from other sources he would appear to have been a descendant of Gospatrick, first Earl of Dunbar. Probably he was early an orphan, but certainly was designed for the Church, in which he looked for high preferment. Many of his poems tell of continuous disappointment. In one addressed to the king he wrote:

I wes in yowth on nureiss kne,
Dandely, bischop, gandelie.
And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
Ane semple vicar I can nocht be:
Excess of thoct dois me mischeif.

The refrain of this poem, "Excess of thoct dois me mischeif," is the wail that many other chosen spirits have raised. But the very fact that he hoped to rise high in the Church speaks volumes about the laxity of the time. He attended St. Andrew's University, and after leaving it became a Franciscan friar as loose and wild as any of those whom he and his "Elder brother in the Muse" satirised. In the "Visitation of St. Francis" he tells us:

Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,
In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;
In me wes falsit with every wicht to flatter,
Quhill mycht be flemit with na haly watter;
I wes ay redy all men to begyle.

The editor of this edition considers it not unlikely that he was a "knycht of the felde," i.e., a highwayman. He passed through England to Dover, where he went "over the ferry" into Picardy preaching and teaching, but engaged also in a prodigal sowing of wild oats. What is known of his subsequent career may be left to his editor to tell. From this and subsequent events recorded concerning Dunbar we may pretty safely conclude that he had by this time ceased to be a friar and a monk, a vocation he heartily disliked, and had become a priest, with a view, as we shall see, to obtaining a benefice. That he should obtain a benefice was apparently the intention of the king as well as Dunbar's own ambition; for the next mention of Dunbar in the records (Privy Seal Register, Vol. II., fol. 9) is as follows: "A Lettre maid to Maister William Dunbar of the gift of ten £ of pensione to be pait to him of our Soueraine Lordis cofferis, be the Thesauare, for al the dais of his life, quhill he be promoot be onre Soueraine Lord to a benefice of xl. £ or aboue &c. de data xvth Augustj, et regni Regis xiiij (1500)." How and upon what Dunbar had subsisted up to the time of the granting of this pension it is difficult to say very precisely. He accompanied the Earl of Bothwell to London in the embassy which arranged the marriage between James IV. and the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. "The Thrissell and the Rois" is the epithalamium written for their marriage. After Flodden there is no further mention of Dunbar, and it has been conjectured that he may have accepted a country benefice, and settling down in quiet, so lived out the rest of his life. As regards personal appearance we know that he was a dwarf. According to himself in the poem of "A Dance in the Queens Chalmers" he was a "frach" man and a merry who could not only write indecorous verses, but dance indecorously. The account is a most illuminative document on the manners of the Court. Scarcely would either the language or the customs be tolerated in a mixed gathering of Scottish peasants to-day, though both might have been in the time of Burns. Yet the most valuable light thrown on the manners of the time is indirect. Take, for

instance, those verses out of the "Flying," which show what welcome Kennedy had, or might receive, in Edinburgh:

Off Edinburch, the boyis as beis owt thrawis,
And cryis owt ay, "Heir cumis our awin queir clerk!"
Than fleis thow, lyk ane howlat chest with cawis,
Quhill all the bichis at thy botingis bark:
Than carlingis cryis, "Keip curches in the merk,
Our gallowis gaipis; lo! quhair ane greceles gais."
Ane vthir sayis, "I se him want ane sark,
I reid yow, cummer, tak in your lynning clais."
Than rynis thow doun the gait, with gild of boyis,
And all the toun tykis hingand in thy heilis;
Of laidis and lownis thair ryssis sic ane noyis,
Quhill runsyis rynniss away with cairt and qubeilis,
And cager aviris castis bayth coillis and creilis,
For rerd of the, and rattling of thy butis;
Fische wyvis cryis, "Fy! and castis doun skillis and skeilis;
Sum clascis the, sum cloddis the on the cutis."

Nothing is described that might not have happened—that did not happen many a time—in the Scottish villages while Burns was alive. "If a stranger cam oor gait," said an oldest inhabitant to the present writer: "I mind when it was oot bulldogs and aik sticks at yince." And Dunbar enables us to imagine every detail of that scene in old Edinburgh: the boys thronging; out like bees from a hive, poor Kennedy flying as an owl is forced to fly when it appears in daylight, the cries of the gallows-bird, the yelling of boys, the barking of dogs, horses running away, cadgers and fishwives shouting and even cuffing the unfortunate. These are not unknown manners; they lingered in the country as long as did the stocks and whipping-post. Yet it is not for his picture of manners, but for his poetry, that Dunbar deserves to be read. He was a real lover of Nature, and his love breaks out at the most unexpected places, as at the end of "The Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo":

Thus draif thai our that deir nicht, with danceis full noble,
Quhill that the day did vp daw, and dew donkit the flouris;
The morow myld wes and meik, the maveis did sing,
And all removit the myst, and the meid smellit;
Silver schouris doun schuik, as the schein cristell,
And birdis schoutit in the schaw, with thair schill notis;
The goldin glitterand gleme, so gladit thair hartis,
Thai maid ane glorious gle amang thair grene bewis.
The soft souch of the swyre, and sound of the stremes,
The sweit savour of the swarde, and singing of fewlis,
Micht confort ony creature of the kyn of Adam;
And kindill agane his courage thoct it war cauld sloknit.

Although he wrote religious poems in his old age, nothing is more characteristic of him and his time than his mockery of friars and priests. Yet his irreverence is not displeasing. In the ballad of "Kynd Kittok" we are told that when St. Peter allowed her entrance to Heaven after she was "deid of thirst," "God lukit and saw her lattin in and luch his heart sair." But his merriment was largely on the outside. Behind it was a black melancholy, as though when making light and ribald verses to please the Court, he deep in his heart realised the pain and despair of the world. "The Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis," "Ane his awin Enemy" and many other pieces are the work of one who not only saw, but thought and dreamed and felt.

FROM THE FARMS.

EPIDEMIC AMONG BEES IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE Board of Agriculture is now publishing the report made by Mr. Imms on the disease from which bees in the Isle of Wight have been suffering. He states that it seems to have been first observed in the south and eastern part of the island, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Wroxall. It broke out in the summer of 1904, and spread rapidly in 1906, while during the present year it has prevailed over the whole of the island, and has rendered the keeping of bees almost impossible. The losses have been serious. Within a mile radius of Upper Lea Farm, Thorley, there were about seventy stocks in the winter of 1905, but these have decreased to eight in the present year, and some of these were diseased. In Shanklin one bee-keeper lost twenty stocks out of twenty-two, and three other bee-keepers have lost their entire stock, consisting of twelve, eight and four hives respectively. A bee-keeper in Brook has lost thirty-eight hives, and at Sheat, Great Whitcombe, Ryde and Porchfield all the hives have been destroyed. Mr. Imms states that in a few cases the destruction was hastened by dirt and carelessness, but, generally speaking, the hives were well cared for, and only in one instance was the old-fashioned skep in use. In some instances, healthy swarms have been purchased from the South of England, but in a week these were dying off by hundreds. Hives attacked by the disease are liable to "chilled brood," which kills off large numbers of young and developing generations. Among the symptoms of the disease, he notes that the affected bees are unable to fly more than a few yards without alighting. The distance diminishes to a few feet

when the disease progresses, and at the end they crawl aimlessly over the ground. If the hives be opened, numbers of diseased individuals will be often met with inside. They cluster round the queen, are unable to fly and show little inclination for movement of any kind. In addition to this loss of flight, a symptom of disease is found in a distended abdomen, but this is not constant, and was chiefly noticed in the case of the native bee. In the English-Italian half-breed no unusual distension could be observed. The disease appears to be confined to the adult bees, as Mr. Imms says:

I have conducted a microscopical examination of a large number of eggs and larvæ at all stages of development, and pupæ, and have failed to detect anything of a pathological nature among the brood. All had the characteristic pearly-white appearance of healthy specimens, although belonging to a badly-infected hive. The eggs were undergoing development and showed not the slightest trace of discoloration or shrivelling, the larvæ were healthy in every way and were coiled up in their normal attitude, and nothing wrong could be detected with the pupæ or the newly hatched bees.

He comes to the conclusion that the disease is one of the digestive system, and might be described as being a condition of enlargement of the hind intestine. We cannot go fully into his very detailed and exhaustive account of the disease, but the remedial measures suggested will interest all who own bees:

I would suggest that all the remaining diseased stocks be destroyed and the hives be thoroughly charred inside and out and afterwards repainted. All instruments used in connection with bee-keeping should be well disinfected. During the coming winter all fresh and already existing healthy stocks should be well looked after and kept warm, dry and well ventilated, and every care taken that no chilling or damping takes place. Whenever possible on warm days the bees should be allowed to take cleansing flights and be confined as little as possible. The tendency of the bees to distend themselves with pollen should be prevented as far as possible by removing the greater bulk of the stored pollen, and such nourishment as is obtained from the latter should be supplied to them in a liquid form mixed with the artificial food. The bee-keepers are advised to experiment with beef jelly or a meat extract of a similar nature. This should be mixed with enough water to make it fluid, and then strained through very fine muslin and mixed thoroughly with honey or a suitable sugar syrup (both methods should be tried). Several pounds of the mixture should be given at a time in the early autumn, and placed in the top storey of the colony to be fed just about night-time. This will give the bees a chance of storing it away quickly, and care should be taken that they have plenty of the food.

CROP PROSPECTS ABROAD.

There never was a year in which the farming outlook abroad was watched with a keener interest. Prices have fluctuated so much, according to the different reports that have been issued, that the British farmer has been completely puzzled. Moreover, he has been in the position of one who sees that with luck he might make a great deal out of cereals this year, while with bad weather he would make nothing. Now, the official report from Russia is that the condition of winter wheat in the Polish and Little Russian Governments is "very bad," but in most districts of the Central Volga an average crop is promised. His Majesty's Consul at Rostov-on-Don considers that the prospects for the South-East of Russia are in general good. In India the crop is almost identical with that of last year. In Germany 27.4 per cent. of the area sown with winter wheat has had to be ploughed up. In South-Eastern Europe the reports are mostly unfavourable. According to the United States Department of Agriculture the area under winter wheat in cultivation on May 1st was about 28,132,000 acres, as compared with 31,665,000 acres sown in the autumn. This is about 1,468,000 acres less than the area harvested last year. The average condition of the crop was 82.9, compared with 80.9 on April 1st, 1907, and with 90.9 on May 1st, 1906, and 92.5 on May 1st, 1905.

STRAWBERRY PICKING.

"Start at half-past two punctually," said the foreman. What visions it conjured up of getting up when everyone else was asleep, to a faint twittering of birds and a delicious scent of newly-cut hay! What actually happened was this: Overnight we scorned all offers of being called or having a cup of tea before we started; it was unnecessary. We were certain we could wake ourselves, etc.; and so we did, without assistance, but unfortunately we woke about every half-hour, struck a light and looked at the clock. However, at last two o'clock arrived, and we woke once more, this time to the accompaniment of violent pattering of rain on the windows; but we jumped

up, and, bathless, dressed ourselves. How can one bathe at 2 a.m.? That could wait till we got back. We crept down quietly, and, getting a large chunk of cake each, let ourselves silently out. We had been warned that it would be cold, so, fortunately, we had on very old heavy winter clothes and stout boots. There was a strong wind and a steady rain; but by the time we reached our rendezvous it had cleared off, and our spirits rose. In the semi-darkness we could see no one, and



MILKING SHORTHORNS.

finally decided we were the first arrivals. We inspected the strawberries, but found it too dark to distinguish red from green; just then three women appeared, who immediately settled themselves on baskets, with an enormous umbrella to shelter them from the cutting wind, and waited for the other pickers and the foreman, who, when he came, pronounced it too dark to begin. At length I begged to be allowed to start. I felt certain I could see enough; so we five and the foreman led off, each carrying a basket which holds a peck, and began. We all had a separate row, and in this case I think they were about 250yds. long; anyhow, I hoped to fill my peck off one row. Alas! I was disappointed; the fruit was so unripe that often I passed five or six plants without a single strawberry fit to pick. I hoped that as we had started first, we should manage to keep pace with the others, and consequently not appear such amateurs; but I soon realised my mistake—we hadn't a chance with the old hands who pick year after year. One woman told me she had earned 4s. 6d. the day before and her daughter 5s. We were paid 4d. a peck, and it was my humble desire to earn 1s. before we stopped. At intervals the foreman came and inspected our baskets. "Rather long strigs, Miss; and those are none too ripe," was the verdict on mine. Later I saw him expostulating with an elderly man, who was darting about the field selecting the biggest strawberries from different rows. Evidently he found one row only monotonous and uninteresting. At last when my peck was full I proudly carried it up to the top of the field to leave it where the others were. Everyone else marked theirs with something, an apron or an extra coat, but we had not provided ourselves with anything, so had to be content with ornamenting ours with strawberry leaves so that we should know them again. I then went in quest of a fresh basket. I soon found four piled together. I selected one and was just starting with it when I heard a female voice at my elbow, "Oh, those baskets are all bespoken, but there are plenty over there." About halfway through my second peck I felt as if I could not pick another strawberry—my back ached, my knees ached, my feet ached. I was cold through and longing for hot coffee and breakfast. Several people had produced tantalising-looking mugs and one a kettle, and were drinking—I wondered what. Anyhow, I thought, it must be about seven and we should soon stop, so I hailed the foreman, and, to my dismay and astonishment, found it was only half-past four. If I hadn't bragged so about the shilling I was going to earn before breakfast I should then and there have gone home. Every bone in my body ached, but I struggled on resolutely to fill my second peck. Despite our strenuous efforts, I believe everyone in the field knew we were novices. When my third peck was nearly full I suddenly realised that we had finished all the strawberries in that field and must go on to the "fifteen acres" to finish. This was the last straw; shilling or no shilling, nothing should induce me to trudge on to another field and start afresh, and, leaving someone else to give in my strawberries and get the ticket, I wearily crawled home, stiff, muddy, tired and without the shilling. But, anyhow, now I've got two small tickets, and printed on them "4d. Not negotiable; these tickets cannot be changed at public-houses." Oh! culminating disappointment!

O.

THE WHISTLEN' BOYS

When the bay be plimmen' up like a brimmen' croggan cup,
All purple shimmeren', barred with green and blue!
And the surf be spinnen' high, grey and whisht agen the sky,
Don't ee harken, Morva, maid, to Carrick Dhu!
For Tregurthen's out to say, catchen' mellets Carthew way!
And there'm death and certain sorrow in thic noise,
Like a child that's lost—ess fay! et be crooneyen' all the day;
'Tis the cryen' of the Whistlen' Boys!

Fling thee apern o'er thee face!—When yon tides sets in the Race
Somethun's tossen' like a red moth's splattered wings,
And 'tes twisten', turnen' round to thic ter'ble wailen' sound—
Mercy! Be et o'er the drowned they whirls and sings?
Yss, they shrieks their gashly tunz?—While from Black Point to Barnoon
The women watch the girt tides leap and poise;
And the waves dance up the sands as they listen, holding hands,
To the callen' of the Whistlen' Boys!

Look'y see! Do'y hear that shout? "Has Tregurthen put about?"
There's a groan above the ground swell's under song:
"A' was last seen beaten' back when the tide fell near the slack,
On th' homeward tack!" They'm tellen' down-along
'Twas his red sail went under to thay say-drums' rollen' thunder,
And wild above the wind screams thic'ey noise—
Call Morva!—call her in!—for the night's as black as sin—
And Tregurthen's weth the Whistlen' Boys!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

ENEMIES OF A TROUT STREAM.



A. H. Robinson.

SHALLOW STICKLES ON AN UPLAND STREAM.

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IN present times, when the values of good trout-fishings have so enormously increased, and when so much money is laid out in the artificial breeding of fish, or the restocking of rivers, it is surprising to find so little done in the way of keeping down the numbers of those enemies which prey upon trout or their ova. The average owner of a fishing does not appear to realise that the good effects of restocking a stretch of water with 300 or 400 yearling trout can be neutralised by one heron living on that river bank for three or four months. Foremost among the enemies of trout we may reckon herons, pike, otters, moorhens and little grebes. Let us deal first with the otter, since he is the largest of the lot. Now, this fine animal, although rarely seen, is not by any means uncommon on our English coasts. On many rivers, too, he is very numerous. An

otter has at least the one good qualification that in districts where otter-hounds are kept he affords sport to numbers of people who enjoy the hunting of him, and if for this reason only is worthy of some respect and a certain amount of preservation in these localities. Moreover, he does not always turn his attention to trout, and will often assist in their preservation by killing certain of their enemies, such as pike, eels and other coarse fish. But on rivers where only trout are found *force majeure* compels him to prey on them. It is when otters have their young in a holt on the river bank that they play the greatest havoc with trout streams. The animals have unfortunately a distinct predilection for big fish, probably because they are easier to catch than the smaller ones, and there is more to eat when they are

caught. Just exactly how many fish, ranging from 1lb. to 2lb. in weight, an adult otter will kill and eat in a night, the writer is unable to say, but probably a brace of such fish barely suffice him for a twenty-four hours' meal. One merit the otter appears to have as regards his skill when fishing, namely, that he does not often mark or maim fish with his teeth, but seems generally to make a clean miss or kill, since it is seldom we catch many fish marked by otters' teeth. An otter is the most crafty and difficult animal in England to trap; but the number of times and the manner in which some otters will extricate themselves from the strongest spring traps are marvellous.

Pike, as everyone knows, are deadly enemies to trout. In the still back waters of deep pools they lie ready to seize any unfortunate trout which they can swallow. And in proportion to their own size, the weight of a trout which they can swallow is prodigious. Although pike also afford sport with a rod, it is hopeless to think of attempting to preserve both them and trout in the same river. Many and various are the modes adopted for destroying pike. Dragging with nets when rivers are free from weeds is the principal method. Night lines or trimmers, set in still pools, should constantly be kept in use in those places which pike frequent. It is a good plan to keep certain long poles lying by the river-side, and to fix on their ends slip nooses made of strong wire. When a pike is seen lying quietly at the bottom of a pool he may often be wired and jerked out on to the bank by judiciously manipulating the noose over his head or tail. The writer has killed great numbers of pike by prowling along the river banks on a sunny day armed with a heavy-bore rifle. His favourite weapon for this quarry is an elephant rifle. In the spawning season pike work up into the small ditches or back lakes by the river-side. Here they are easily seen on a sunny morning, and the shock of a big bullet, driven by about twelve drams of powder, will kill them by force of the concussion at a depth of nearly 2ft. under water. This is one of the easiest and most effective ways of killing pike in a shallow stream.

Moorhens are decidedly destructive to ova on the spawning-beds. The little grebe (*Podiceps minor*), commonly known as the dabchick, is also destructive to young fry and ova. Since neither of these birds can be called very ornamental nor useful either for sport or eating purposes, it is well to keep down their numbers as much as possible on trout streams. Moorhens have a marvellous faculty for lying hidden from view in any small patch of weeds or rushes, and of diving persistently when hunted with dogs. They can, however, be fairly easily trapped in runs on a river bank. Dabchicks are very hard to kill, and it is



A. H. Robinson.

LANDING HIS OWN.

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almost impossible to shoot one on the water. If fired at by a person in full view of them, these little birds are so quick that they positively dive before the shot strikes them. Fortunately, they do not seem to increase in great numbers on most English rivers, although it is impossible to trap them with any degree of success. The best way is to destroy all nests found of moorhens and little grebes. In the case of moorhens, one ingenious writer has recently suggested the method of pricking the eggs with a pin and replacing them in the nest. By this means the hen bird sits and sits in vain, and is thus prevented from starting another nest in that season. But with little grebes the pricking of eggs would be superfluous, for the writer cannot recall an instance to mind where the old birds returned to a nest which had once been really disturbed by human hands.

And now, last, but not least, we come to the heron. This fine, graceful bird is, without exception, the greatest scourge and most destructive pest which frequents a river bank. The days, alas! are over when once they afforded sport to kings, who flew them with the noble gerfalcons. The writer, who is himself, above all things, an enthusiastic falconer, feels no greater loss than that the days of heron-hawking are long since over in his own district, where the following of hawks on horseback is now an impossibility, owing to the enclosed and wooded nature of the country. Such being the case, a heron cannot be regarded as otherwise than vermin, and that, moreover, of the worst possible type. A few kind-hearted lovers of bird-life may raise the plea of protection for our enemy the heron on the grounds of his graceful appearance. But how few of these *soi-disant* bird-lovers have ever watched a heron at close quarters or even thus for more than a few minutes in their lives! Had they

done as the writer has, namely, spent countless hours by day and night, gun or rifle in hand, watching the actions of these birds when they were in quest of fish, these theorists who bewail the possible extinction of the heron might consider whether or no their lament was justified. No more crafty, keen-eyed denizen of the earth and air exists than a heron, none more able to take care of himself, whether on foot or on wing. His great length of leg and neck enables him to wade and fish all shallow streams from end to end. His patience when fishing is inexhaustible, and he will stand in mid-stream or on the bank for hours, motionless as a post, waiting until some luckless fish comes within reach of his deadly bill. Unlike the otter, a heron will fish by day and night, and in the spawning season, when trout lie on clear, gravelly shallows, the mischief one heron will work in twenty-four hours is terrible. Not only does he catch and eat great numbers of fish each day, but many others escape wounded, and may afterwards be seen or caught with big sores or holes in their sides, all traces of havoc wrought by the heron's bill. The number of fish which a heron will actually kill in one day is terrific. If an example of this is needed the



CASTING TO THE DEEP WATER UNDER THE CLIFF.

following will suffice. Only recently a heron was killed on the river Exe which had no less than forty-two small trout in its crop. It is not surprising after this to read in a daily paper that the Conservators of the river Exe have wisely started offering a reward for the killing of herons in that district. They may be often caught by setting an ordinary large-sized spring trap on gravel or sandy shallows in mid-stream which it is their custom to haunt. This is not to be recommended as a merciful mode of ridding a river of these pests. Shooting them is the best way, when a man can be found with patience enough to lie hidden in waiting for them. They have usually a particular favourite spot for fishing in each river, and careful observation of their regular line of flight will give chances of getting shots at them. Unfortunately for the heron, his size and slowness of flight are such that he is not easily missed, and owing to his thin covering of feathers he can be killed at very long ranges with the aid of large-sized shot. It is a matter of considerable satisfaction to the writer that he has thus personally accounted for over twenty herons recently in a period of four or five months, and all were killed on the banks of what is to-day undoubtedly one of the finest trout streams in England. Consequently, how much more numerous the trout will be in that stream owing to the absence of this number of their enemies is a simple matter of mathematics. Undoubtedly, where heronries exist to-day on English estates it is the duty of their owners to see that in justice to their neighbours' trout streams the number of nests and birds are kept down within reasonable limits. If this is not done, it is hopeless for the most enthusiastic river-keeper to attempt to keep a good stock of trout in any river situated within many miles of a big heronry.

C. E. RADCLIFFE.

DYNAMICS OF THE LIVING BODY.

IT is recognised as one of the elementary principles of engineering that, in the construction of bridges and machines and of weight-carrying and weight-lifting engines generally, a wide margin must be allowed for emergencies. That is to say, it is realised that the structure should be capable of withstanding not only the stresses of reasonably-expected maximum loads, but also the stresses of six or ten times the size of such loads. Similar factors of safety are applicable to the supply and expenditure of energy of machines.

Whether in living bodies similar provision is made to meet exceptional demands is a question which, till now, has never been clearly raised or made the subject of direct investigation. It appears, indeed, to have been tacitly assumed that the living

body had no need of such reserves: that it could meet any increased demands as the occasion arose—as athletes acquire increased power by careful diet and exercise in the required direction. It is a well-known fact that the various parts and organs of the body can be materially increased in size by use, but it would further seem to have been demonstrated that while in the economy of human-made machines and of all human

organisations, decrease in supplies and increase in expenditure spell disaster, quite the contrary might apply to living bodies. Professor Chittenden, an American physiologist, for example, showed that nine Yale students, under the influence of prolonged mastication of a diet greatly reduced in proteid and caloric values, gained much in endurance and in the ability to perform certain physical tests. But the conclusions formed on this and similar experiments have been confounded by another physiologist, Mr. S. J. Meltzer, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, who, in addition to his own experiments, finds the results of a hundred other investigations ready to his hand. He points out that, happily for us, every organ of the body is capable of meeting, so to speak, a "run upon the bank."

Some of his illustrations are certainly striking. He points out, for example, that the lung tissue of the body is far and away greater than is needed for ordinary respiration, as is shown by the fact that life is possible even after a large part of the lung tissue has been destroyed. In cases of pneumonia, for instance, even when one lung has become entirely consolidated, the other still proves large enough to carry on the work of respiration.

Similarly, as Metchnikoff has recently reminded us, the stomach can be removed without impairing nutrition; nearly three-fourths of the small intestine, indeed, can also be removed and yet life is possible. Should one kidney be extirpated, then the other takes up its work; and, in like manner, one half of the liver may be removed, if not with impunity, at least without creating any necessity for the signing of our death warrant. But for this excess, this ability to provide for evil days, very few of us would come anywhere near the prescribed three-score years and ten, few indeed would attain to anything like middle age.

The food experiments of Professor Chittenden, then, as with many similar experiments, are not to be accepted on their face value. At most he has but demonstrated what is the indispensable minimum; and this "hand-to-mouth" fashion of support, it is clear, is not enough to enable the body to provide a surplus by way of insurance against days of adversity. Living bodies, it must be remembered, are like engines in this, that they are so constructed as to stand long-continued strains. Bad feeding is bad fuelling, and bad fuelling means that the engine soon wears out. That the body is capable of effecting much work on little food, or even on no food at all, is shown in the case of the salmon, which when it comes up the river to spawn is, like the athlete, in fine form. But the reproductive functions are in abeyance. In the river little or no food is taken, yet



J. Ashworth.

A REED-BED ON A LOCH.

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the reproductive organs increase enormously, but at the expense of the muscles, as every salmon-fisher knows. If the body is supplied with no more proteid material than is sufficient to maintain health in normal conditions, then it becomes impossible to set aside reserves of this precious material to meet exceptional demands; and the body is compelled to exhaust its natural resources prematurely.

The apparent excess of material, of capacity for work over work actually performed, displayed in the different organs of the body, is in reality so much capital tending to prolong life and ensure health; and in the demonstration of this excess we have had brought before us a factor in the evolution of the higher animals which has played a very important but hitherto unsuspected part.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

BIRDS'-NESTING.

A SMALL boy with flaxen hair and very blue eyes said to me the other day, "Come birds'-nesting." I had won his affections by taking him down to the stream and showing him how, with a home-made rod, a piece of thread and a hook, to catch minnow. After many unsuccessful attempts he fell completely into the knack of taking them, and then for some reason, which we did not know, the shoal left the pool in a body, and it was after he had tried in vain to lure them back that he issued the invitation to go and seek nests. Alas! many a long year had passed since I had made any expeditions of this kind, but the boy's present trouble awoke a thousand memories. I remembered the time when I was his age, and lived in a house past which ran a deep river. How often on holiday afternoons I had strayed along its banks finding the moorhens' nests among the sedges, the coots' in the islands of the great ponds that lay in the low meadows, the sand-martins' in the cliffs running down into the water and many others in clumps of rushes or grassy banks. The river was deep because dammed for a mill, but below the mill it broke away into a thousand sparkling and foaming ripples, that were crossed by stepping-stones. And how gently we used to tread as we sought to get to the other side by this primitive means. But the ivied walls of a ruined castle rose on the other side, and here were such nests as boys esteemed a treasure. In the stone chambers, where knights kept guard while ladies slept, pigeons cooed and built their nests, for the openings through which the guardians of the castle surveyed the neighbourhood allowed them ready ingress. Starlings and jackdaws competed for the chinks of the wall that ivy concealed from the passer-by, and in high, almost inaccessible, places the white barn-owl made its home. To get at

such treasures as these it was not deemed extraordinary to run the risk of drowning in the river or of breaking one's neck by clambering up the ivied ramparts. But the scene to which my young enthusiast invited me was very different from that. He is a native of a southern county. Peel and bastle are unknown to him. The only river within his ken would scarcely be dignified by the name except in a land where water is scarce. It is a slow and silent stream that steals through acres of fresh arable and pasture land, and glides noiselessly along the side of plantation and game covert. Yet, from his point of view, it was every bit as interesting as the turbulent and foaming stream to be found in a hilly country. At any rate, it is a more frequent haunt of that beautiful bird the kingfisher.

My child friend had not been able to discover a nest, but we knew there was one about, because the bright-coloured birds flitted hither and thither in unconcealed agitation. As a matter of fact, I had heard from one of my ornithological friends that there was a nest in the bank; but one disadvantage of childhood is that it has not acquired the habit of patience, and so it was impossible to wait and find out where it was. He was much more interested in a chaffinch, whose loud "pink-pink" also betrayed the neighbourhood of his home, which we found quite easily on the bole of an ash tree, built of moss and lichen, almost identical with its surroundings, a common but beautiful nest. I remembered that it was one most familiar to me in the days of my childhood, and thoroughly sympathised with the enthusiasm of the little man who was toddling at my heels. It would seem that for generation after generation the eyes of childhood find the very same nests to look at. Although it was comparatively late in the year, he showed me that of the hedge-sparrow with eggs as blue as the clear



C. G. Pike.

WHITETHROAT AND NEST.

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E. L. Turner.

RED-BACKED SHRIKE: HEN.

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heaven itself; probably it was a second clutch of this modest frequenter of the highway. He showed me a missel-thrush looking as large as a partridge as it brooded its eggs in the cleft of a tree, steady and true to its task, but at the same time watchful and apprehensive. A blackbird's nest, too, he found; this was not full of eggs, but of young, so large and well feathered that when surprised they flew out of their nest, claiming the franchise of the meadows before their time. It is a very curious fact that, although the newly-fledged young of thrushes are to be seen continually, and the parents make no secret of feeding them, those of the blackbird disappear almost as soon as they are out of the nest, seeking their food apparently in dark and shady places where bushes and shrubs yield them cover. He took me to a robin's nest, but, alas, the birds had flown, only one egg, an infertile one, remaining in it. The water-wagtail's was another that he discovered with great glee, but no eggs were here either, as the young had just come out. It is a very late year, but still towards the end of May most of the birds had got their first hatching over. There was one, however, which had delayed; this was the green woodpecker. At one part of our walk we diverged from the path on which we set out at the beginning. It leads ceaselessly

only a few birds that really care to live in the middle of a wood, especially in the spring. They very much prefer the

along the banks of a stream, but at the corner of one of the meadows two paths intersect, and one which is very slightly trodden leads down an old plantation. Here the woodpecker seems to find itself at home. At the foot of some of the trees we found as many chips as would have been left by a carpenter, and once or twice we saw evident traces of a nest high up on the stem of a tree. Our luck was to find one so low down that I could lift my small companion up to its mouth. The woodpecker sits very close, and after much knocking we had concluded that it must be out on a visit, when a greater bang than usual on the bark of the tree caused it to thrust out a long and shining neck and afterwards a vision of bright colours. It departed down the plantation, shrieking as it went. This was certainly the excitement of the afternoon. My little friend was extremely disappointed to find so few nests in the heart of the woodland, which with its mysterious shadows was to him a fairyland that ought to be full of undiscovered beauties and surprising effects. But there are



A. Taylor.

YOUNG DIPPER.

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outer edge of it, and the reasons are obvious. This particular wood happened to be one of beech, and the ground was bare, except where it was red with the litter of last year. The beech does not allow of much undergrowth; but even where the trees surmount a considerable growth of grass and shrubbery it is useless to expect many birds. On the edge of the plantation they find their friend man, who ploughs and cultivates the fields, not only sowing seeds, but turning up insects and grubs. Here, too, the weeds thrust themselves forth in prodigal abundance, and as a general rule where food is most plentiful there nests may be sought for with the best chance of success. Even the tits, most of which find their homes in small holes in the trees, prefer those that are on the edge of the wood. Of course, the long-tailed tit makes his domed house in a hedge or bush, but very seldom will you find it where the thicket is the centre of an area of trees. All this I tried to explain to the little ornithologist who followed me along the woodland path, but I suppose he looked upon it as theory only, for he was ever scampering off every time he saw a bird rise from the ground or from some perch among the trees, and though disappointed



E. L. Turner.

RED-BACKED SHRIKE: COCK.

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to find that in the majority of cases a false alarm had been given, nothing would restrain him from doing the same thing over and over again. It was just the same when he saw a rabbit. It might be sitting close to its burrow—and indeed, if it had been many miles away from home, a boy, however nimble, would scarcely have caught it; but the mere sight was enough to send him bounding off, as if in the next moment he hoped to have it in his hands. Such are the sanguine hopes of children. They will scurry after the rainbow and come back disappointed because even as they run its bright colours disappear from the sky. Such are the illusions of childhood, and the wise man does not pride himself that he has outlived them, but wishes that they could return. He is not so wise but that he is sure that no sunset in after years equalled those which found him weary in the long evenings of childhood.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE WATER-OUSEL.

THIS charming little bird, one of the most curious ornaments of our rocky streams, has always laboured under a good deal of suspicion from anglers and the preservers of trout streams. It would be a thousand pities if the sprightly "dipper" should fall under such a persecution as the heron and the kingfisher have to endure by reason of their fish-eating proclivities. Much has been written and argued at different times on this head. Upon the whole, although many people have stoutly maintained that this bird is absolutely harmless to fish-life, the weight of evidence seems to remain on the other side. Friderich, in his work on German birds, states that, among other kinds of food, the dipper partakes of crabs, fish and spawn, and it is a melancholy fact that in the Rhine provinces owners of fishings systematically destroy the water-ousel as an enemy of fish and fish ova. Much as one admires this bird, so delightful a companion to the angler on many a swift trout stream, it must be reluctantly conceded that the dipper does, to some small extent, devour small fish, and perhaps occasionally fish spawn, though its feeding on this latter is by no means fully proved. Yet, as an angler who has admired a thousand times the ways and antics of this delightful little bird, I for one should be extremely sorry to see anything like a campaign of revenge declared against our British water-ousel. A trout stream without a dipper would have certainly lost one of its most distinctive charms. Let us concede that the dipper does devour a few tiny fish—not all of them troutlets, by any means, perhaps even some small amount of spawn; but let us also remember that the bird's diet is not essentially a fish one, and that it destroys large numbers of insects and other creatures which themselves are probably far more inimical to the ova of trout than the ousel itself.

SOME RURAL NAMES.

The most familiar British names for this bird are dipper, water-crow, water-piet and Bessy Ducker. In some parts of Ireland the bird is still known to country people by its ancient designation of hen kingfisher, the rustic opinion being that this ousel is the female of that striking bird. Swainson long since recorded this belief as being also shared in certain parts of England. Whether that belief still exists I am not aware; personally, I have not heard of it on this side of the Irish Channel. Among German vernacular names for the water-ousel are water-starer (the commonest), water-chiat, water-thrush, water-merle and stream and sea ousel. In the Atlas Mountains of Morocco is found a water-ousel known as *Cinclus minor*, while other races extend from Europe through the Caucasus and Asia Minor as far Eastward as Tibet, China and even Formosa. Dippers of various species are found also in Western America and along the Andes as far South as Peru.

THE PINE MARTEN.

A pine marten was killed the other day in Merionethshire, and, from the testimony of the farmer who captured it, it would seem that these animals are by no means so scarce in the Principality as many people imagine. In fact, in the wilder parts of Britain the marten still manages to keep its end up reasonably well, considering the increase of game preservation and the many deadly enemies which encompass its path. In the fells of the Lake Country the "mart" is still hunted with terriers and occasionally by fox-hounds. The scent of the marten is extraordinarily sweet to hunting hounds, and in the old days, when these animals were plentiful, young hounds were commonly entered to them. Less than a hundred years ago the Duke of Grafton's huntsman used to enter his young foxhounds to them in Whittlebury Forest, where martens then abounded. Game, and especially pheasant, preserving

has, of course, had much to do with the disappearance of these handsome and characteristic British carnivora. Farmers in the Lake Country aver that when the martens have young they will occasionally kill a young lamb. Whether this is true or not is difficult of proof, but Highland shepherds, who are pretty good field naturalists, have the same conviction. A big pine marten will measure as much as 2ft. 10in. from nose to tip of tail, and will weigh 5lb., so that it is not by any means an impossibility that one of these fierce and bloodthirsty mustelidæ should be able to destroy a weakly lamb.

NOTES ON THE OSPREY

Ospreys are, towards autumn, still not uncommon on some parts of our English shore-line. Some of the Sussex and Hampshire estuaries and the Norfolk Broads are occasionally visited by them, and no doubt, if these fine raptors were less persecuted by specimen-hunting gunners, they would favour us with their company much more often. Two years since an eagle



W. Wilson.

GREEN WOODPECKER: HEN.

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settled on the Willingdon Golf Links, near Eastbourne, and from the description I have little doubt that this bird was an osprey in immature plumage. An old Sussex name for the bird is mullet-hawk. The Cuckmere River, flowing into the sea near Seaford, is a favoured estuary for mullet, and it is worthy of note that an occasional osprey still visits this locality. Bream are also a very favourite food of this eagle. Nine years ago Mr. C. B. Lucas, the owner of Filby Broad, near Yarmouth, recorded the fact of two ospreys visiting his waters. They came in September and, being happily unmolested, fished constantly on the broad, their food consisting entirely of bream, a fish which is extremely plentiful in the rivers and broads of Norfolk. It is, by the way, worthy of note that bream, like mullet, are often seen near the surface of the water, a circumstance which the osprey is, no doubt, keen to take advantage of. I have ridden and swum my horse across South African rivers in which grey mullet—springers, as the Boers well call them—were leaping from the surface of the water all around me. On these rivers the fine fishing eagle of Africa (*Haliaeetus vocifer*) was a constant

and most expert fisher, taking its meals from mullet, catfish and other species, and occasionally darting down on a frightened pelican and seizing its prey from the foolish creature's opened pouch. Mr. Lucas stated in 1898 that an autumn seldom passed on Filby Broad without one or more ospreys putting in an appearance; and he further recorded the pleasing fact that a few years previous one of these birds took up its abode in some coverts by the broad and remained there fishing for three months! If other Englishmen would follow this excellent example, how many rare birds would be spared to us. Think of the pleasure of watching so wild and noble a bird as the osprey capturing its food and exhibiting all its habits close to one's own door for three months on end. Where, as in the Broad Country, the streams and waters hold only coarse fish, few real lovers of Nature would grudge the bird its daily supply of food. As befits a bird which is in the habit of carrying such slippery prey as fish, the claws of this species are much curved and wonderfully sharp, the outer toe is reversible, and the feet are very roughly scaled, the under parts being singularly well adapted to aid in gripping the natural prey of the bird. A few pairs of ospreys still breed in Scotland, but the birds, which range far and wide over the world, are, and always were, migrants to this country. Was the osprey ever used for hawking in the old days? By an Act of William and Mary persons were prohibited at a certain period of the year, says Montagu, from taking any salmon, salmon pail, or salmon kind, by hawks, rucks, or gins.

BARBARY RED DEER.

Among the recent arrivals at the Zoological Society's Gardens is a Barbary red deer. This deer, which is extremely scarce nowadays in North Africa, is, allowing for differences of habitat, practically identical with the red deer of Britain, and is, of course, a relic of the days when South Europe and North Africa were undivided by the Mediterranean Sea. It is the only kind of deer to be found in all Africa, that Continent, although, as is well known, the nursery of countless species of antelope, possessing among the cervines only the Barbary stag. Those interested in red deer in this country may think it worth while to have a look at this interesting visitor, which, by the way, is at present only "deposited" at the Zoo. The Barbary stag, *Al massi* of the Algerian Arabs, *Pertassa* of the Tunisians, is found in the pine and cork forest regions on the frontiers of Algeria and Tunis. Whether any remain in Morocco is extremely doubtful. These deer are of fair size and carry pretty good heads. It is, however, characteristic of this as of the Corsican and Sardinian race, that the bez tine is usually lacking. Traces of irregular yellowish spots are also occasionally found on the coats of these animals, even when adult. The record head of a Barbary stag in this country is in the possession of Sir Edmund Loder, and measures 38½ in. over the outer curve, the points being six and five.

H. A. B.

A BIT FROM THE PAST.

AS we read to-day of Fiscal meetings, of Fiscal speeches, of well-behaved crowds waiting for hours in halls, in ducal stables or splashing rains, to hear a two hours' speech or so on this all-important subject, our minds run back with a sigh to other days and other Fiscal movements—to the good old days of adventure and romance and smuggling. Those fine old days of England came to a regrettable (if not always distinctly honourable) end in the ending of the eighteenth or the beginning of the nineteenth century. They are days which will always stand out in English history, when ours will have died a humdrum and a forgotten death. They died hard, and they died slowly, and they were still living long, long after his most religious and gracious Majesty George II. was found lying dead upon his floor by his page, and poor, kindly, mad old George III. had ceased to reign. For the present writer has often heard the stories her grandmother would tell of the smuggling that went on in quiet security in her old home, Idsworth Park in Hampshire. As a tiny child she could well remember many times meeting quite unexpectedly a band of twenty or thirty armed rough-looking men. There was always the usual salutation; the men drew up and stopped in silence, the little pretty blue-eyed child, with her dark curly hair, looking shyly at them, waited also.

Then came the usual question, "Friend or enemy?" And the child replying, as she had been always taught, "Friend," was answered back invariably from the whole band, with a hearty "God bless you, my little dear."

In those days, though tobacco and spirits were chiefly the hidden goods, yet silks, laces, tea and sugar were all known to have had a safe hiding-place in that old park.

Lord Dormer (who afterwards sold the place) was the friend of the poor man, and never in his long life had had, he always said with pride, a discourteous word even from the smugglers. The saying that one half of the world never knows how the other half lives was very vividly illustrated once in those days at Idsworth. Lord Dormer was walking, as he thought, alone in a part of his park which was known as the Wilderness, when he was sure he heard some voices. He stood still; there was not a soul to be seen, but the sound was unmistakable. All round him was nothing but the park sloping away in the distance and the great trees; there was no living person to be seen—yet a faint, far-off hum was perfectly distinct. He could hardly believe his very ears, but he was not to be daunted; he groped about in every dark corner of the wood; he walked round and round each suspicious bush; at last he found among some thick

shrubs hung over with a natural screen of briars something which looked like an old opening to a pit. He cleared the way and walked some hundred or more steps in it, and found himself quite suddenly in a great cave and surrounded by a number of rough men, all armed with pistols. Before he could even say a word of astonishment the men laid down their arms, and cried: "Welcome, my lord!" Then their chief, with a very courtly air, stepped forward and continued: "Welcome to you, Lord Dormer. You are too much of a gentleman to betray us poor fellows who earn a hard living by the risk of our lives." It is needless to say that they never were betrayed; but it is pleasant to add that when the next morning came a keg of brandy and a keg of Hollands were found at the hall door, and across them was written: "His honour is a gentleman." Perhaps it is as well to say, on the other hand, that occasionally some of the horses at Idsworth which had been turned out to grass would be missing in the morning; but they were always most faithfully returned none the worse, except sometimes very tired, after evidently a long journey inland. These little personal stories coming down to us over the space of a hundred years seem to shed a kindly light on the dark tales of smuggling.

An old man once long afterwards said to a grandson of that same old Lord Dormer: "Well, sir, if you can show me one single passage in the Bible which forbids the act of smuggling, I'll give it up; but I won't till you do, and I know you can't." And the old man carried on his smuggler's employment till he could work no longer. When, the other day, my memory harked back to the smugglers' age, it conjured up other scenes, and I remembered a quaint old house with a deep carved arch and a great door so elaborately carved that it fairly dazzled my young eyes. And I passed, and could pass it again very vividly to-day, through a hall lined with pictures and old clocks and old china, till I came into a beautiful old-fashioned drawing-room where, lying on an inlaid table was the sight I had been brought to see. I think if no one else had been in the room I should have knelt down before a pair of long, slender, tall, gauntleted gloves, for their Royal Master's sake. As it was, I can remember I stood and hardly said a word, for I was—what you will not find now—a very shy child. But I had a great love and loyalty for King Charles I., and the gloves lying before me were the gloves he wore and took off as he ascended the scaffold. He gave them to Bishop Juxon, who left them to Jeremy Taylor. The Taylor family married and ended in the Lander family, from which this precious heritage had never passed. The gloves were very long and slender, and the gauntlet, rich in gold embroidery. These gloves were the Mecca of my pilgrimage; but there were other shrines, too, in that lovely old house for worshippers of the past. There was the great goblet with its narrow, high stand, out of which Squire Lander made it his daily custom to drink to the Prince over the water, by rising and passing the goblet round his finger-glass. There was also a ghostly-looking bed with a slanting head-top, very heavily carved, in which Richard III. slept the night before the battle of Bosworth. But this was only a passing remembrance in my brain. A much more vivid picture comes before me of the descendant of the Landors telling in her gentle voice the stories she remembered being told. One was of a member of the family who lived at Rugeley in Staffordshire, and who one fine morning was disturbed from his sleep by a clattering of horses' feet in the courtyard, and looking out of his window, counted 100 men passing in. This, of course, was in the time of the young Prince, and so I drank in every word of it. The squire hurried down as fast as he could, for in those days I suppose no one was astonished at anything taking place; but before he could ask a question, an officer accosted him and demanded the keys of the cellar, saying that no one henceforth would be allowed to leave the castle. He gave no reason for his strange order—it was his order, and sufficient. Unfortunately the squire's wife was near her confinement, and she began to be ill, and a doctor had to be sent for; but the officer was inexorable, and he would not allow a messenger or groom to be sent from the house. At last, as the poor lady became more ill, he relaxed, and he allowed a child of nine years, thinking he could not chatter the state of affairs over, to be placed on a pillion to Lichfield to bring back the doctor. The doctor was brought in and the baby was born, and so big was the place that Mrs. Lander never knew till her illness was over how she had been surrounded. She was a strong Cromwellian and her husband a true Loyalist. After some weeks the troops were withdrawn and the squire was allowed his liberty, and then he found to his utter amazement that his brother the parson had been taken also, but that he had been put in prison. They were neither of them told the reason of their capture, but they learnt afterwards that the Prince had marched to Derby, and the troops were afraid of such powerful Loyalists meeting them, so they took those prompt measures of preventing it.

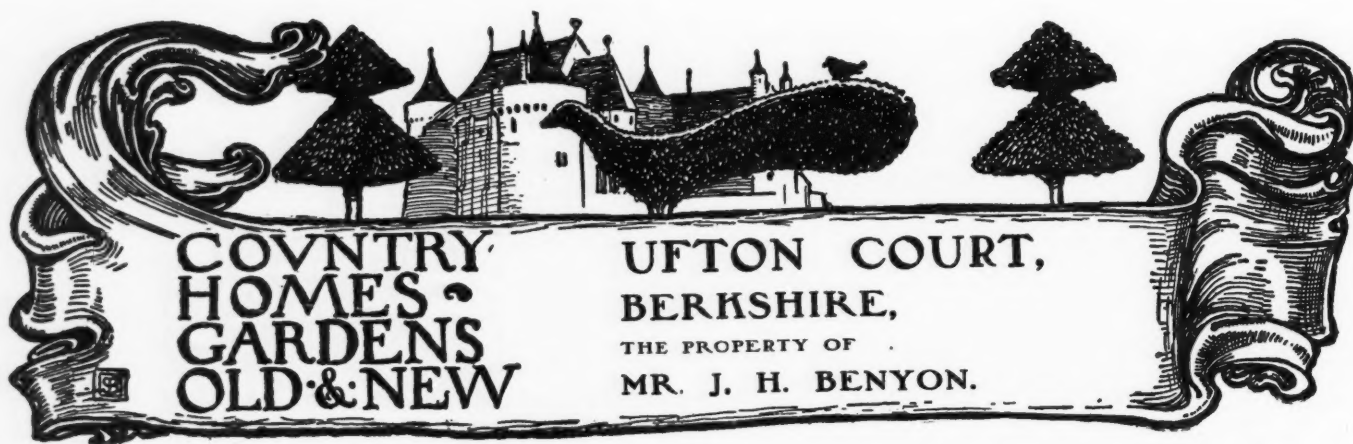
"Observation is the old man's memory," said Porson once, who was a friend of the present writer's grandfather, but to me memory seems to belong to the old, observation to the young.



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"THE GARDENS OF ALLAH."

L. J. Steele.



UFTON in Berkshire had three manors, Richard, Robert and Pole, of which the two former were separate parishes, but the latter a section only of the parish of Ufton Robert. Ultimately the whole became one parish and one property, and at Pole was erected the principal residence, which largely survives to this day and is the subject of our illustrations. Various and changeably were the manors held in mediæval times, but at the opening of the fifteenth century we find Ufton Robert in possession of William Perkins. He came of a Midland family, frequently serving as "Seneschal" or "Baillious" to great lords such as the Despencers, and William himself acted in the latter capacity for Duke Humphrey of Gloucester. How he became seized of this manor does not appear, but, once there, he and his descendants set to work to improve their position and enlarge their estate. To this end marriages were the best means, and of these the most remunerative was the union of Richard Perkins with Elizabeth Mompesson. Herself a co-heiress, she became, on Richard's death in 1560, the wife of Sir John Marvyn, who left her much property when he followed his predecessor to the grave in 1566. The wealthy widow now purchased the Pole manor lands and commenced building operations. Not that she can have been in need of a habitation. From her father she had inherited Bathampton; from her first husband she had Ufton Robert for life; and from her second both Fonthill and Compton Basset. But in a humble way she followed the example of her great contemporary, Bess of Hardwick, and transmuted part of her husbands' gold into bricks and mortar. Pole had belonged formerly to the Lords of Minster Lovel, whose fortunes had gone down on Bosworth

field. It had not been a place of their residence, and the old manor house was inconsiderable. So Lady Marvyn left it at the back of her new work, using its hall as her kitchen, and building a fresh one as part of her completely new east façade. Of this, the southern section including the porch remains as she erected it, except that rough-cast now covers her oak framing, and what oak does show has been disfigured with purple-brown paint. Everything on the north, or right-hand, side of the porch has twice suffered from the improver's hand, and her hall has no longer the lofty windows which its height implies. For Lady Marvyn, following the older plan rather than that which was beginning to prevail in the houses of the lesser gentry, retained the system of the screened-off passage and the minstrel gallery. She carried her hall up two storeys, ceiling it elaborately with plaster tracery and pendants, and using the roof-space above for a long, narrow attic gallery. Among other decoration she set, on the north end of her hall, a most valuable mark of authorship—two lozenges bearing her own initial coupled with those of each of her husbands. This not only proves her connection with the house, but also that Pole Place, which she is known to have bought, is indeed the Ufton Court of the later Perkinses, a fact for which there is no other sufficient authority. Having done her work and lived her life, she passed away in 1581, a childless woman, and left her new home and her various properties to her first husband's nephew Francis, whom he had, twenty-one years before, designated as his boy heir. He is the first of a line of five Francis, who for the next 170 years occupied the Court, and he at once marked his ownership by roughly incising—



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NORTH-EAST ANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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WALLED GARDEN WITH BUTTRESSES ON NORTH SLOPE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

apparently with his pocket-knife—his initials and the date upon one of the pilasters of the fine oaken chimney-piece which his aunt had set in her upstairs parlour, which became the library where some seventeenth century book-lover among the Perkinses kept his Shakespeare folios and publications of his day.

Apart from the main rooms, the plan of Ufton is intricate and perplexing. Indeed, it is no plan at all, and this of set purpose. The Perkinses themselves and the families with which they mated were strenuous adherents of the older faith, and were determined to have it exercised under their roof at all risk of pains and penalties. Under their roof not metaphorically merely, but practically, for that is where the chapel is, reached tortuously through rooms and passages and up an unexpected staircase. Secret cupboards, priests' holes, hidden apertures occur at intervals. Several of these devices we illustrate; such as the section of the wall of an attic which, by means of a spring and a pivot, opens and gives access to a place of concealment; or the trapdoor in the floor fitted with a quaint spring fastening within, and whence a ladder leads down into a dark and narrow enclosure. At the very other end of the house a bedroom cupboard connects with a well-like hole which debouched into an underground passage leading out of the house, under the terrace, and ultimately permitted escape into the woody declivities to the north. These devices were not only used, but served their purpose, for more than once search was made, but no priest was caught. It was not long after Lady Marvyn's nephew inherited that we hear of the first trouble. There are rumours of the coming Armada, of plots by Jesuits to kill Elizabeth and set Mary of Scotland on the throne. The Government needed to be wary and severe. To be found on English soil was high treason for a popish priest, and he who harboured him was imprisoned at the Queen's pleasure. Fines, heavy and frequent, were ever threatening the recusant,

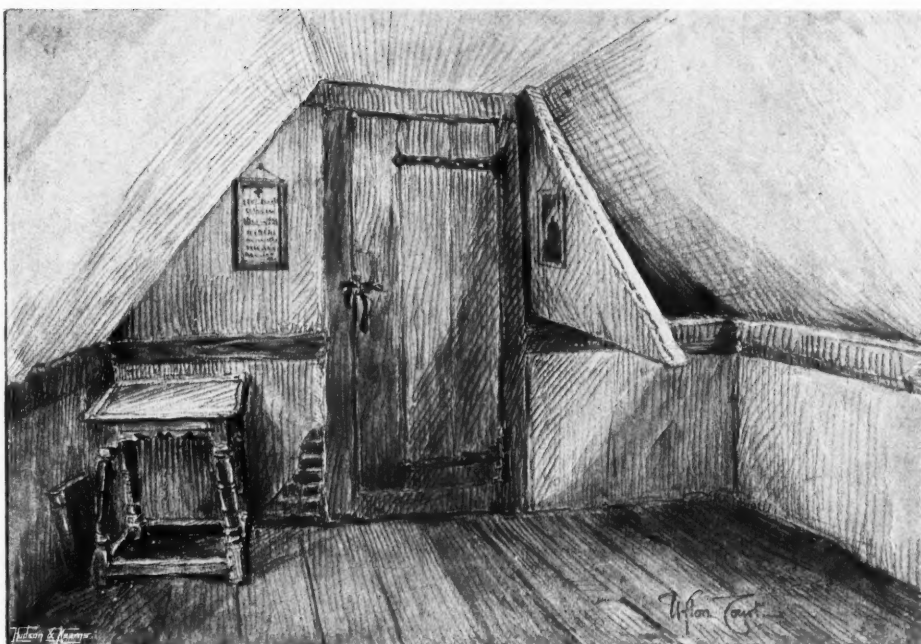
and of these the informer got half. So a tailor in the next parish thought it would be more interesting and profitable to spy into the Ufton comings and goings and listen to the gossip of the country-side rather than sit ever cross-legged at his needle. There followed domiciliary visits by magistrates and reports to the Secretary of State. Francis was absent, but they "made search in his study, closette and all other secrete places," with the result that they found "nothinge contrary to the Lawes," and the tailor went back to his board with an empty pocket. Though Romish in religion, the Perkinses were probably well known to be loyal subjects of the Protestant Queen, and their friends and fellow-magistrates would be none too anxious to make any awkward discoveries or encourage the practices of the prying tailor.

This was in 1586; but in 1599 came another and more serious search. Upon information received at headquarters that great treasure "to be employed to some ill-purpose" was certainly hid at the Court, if not also two "notorious Traytors," it was determined to take action, the house being "reputed to be a common receptacle for priestes, Jesuytes, Recusantes and other such evill disposed persons." Accordingly, Sir Francis Knollys with a party of men went to Ufton in the dead of night. Again Francis was away (he seems to have been a man of some prudence and foresight in these matters), but his cousin Thomas was in charge, and opened all doors but one, of which he claimed to have no key. A vigorous kick remedied this deficiency, and revealed the chapel full of "popische Trashe." The "secret place" was also opened up, and hence was extracted a "poke mantua" containing diverse "bagges of gold." But though there were traces—such as half-burnt candles on the altar—that mass had recently been said, there were no "notorious Traytors" to be found. Perhaps the well cupboard and subway had proved opportune.



Copyright THE "QUEEN ANNE" WALK. "C.L."

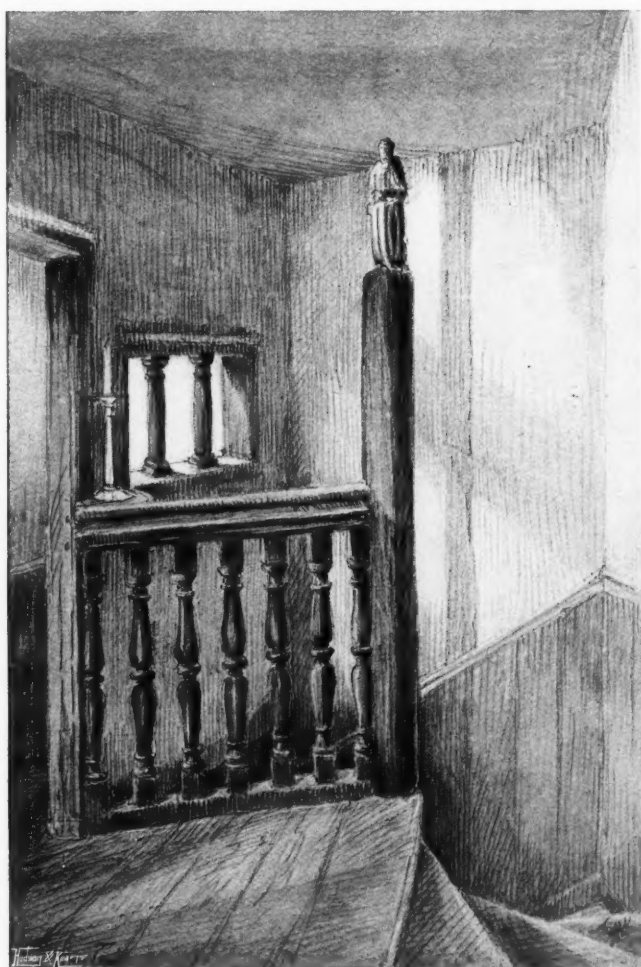
The laws of King and of Commonwealth were alike oppressive to the Perkinses in purse and person until the Restoration. Luckily for themselves, they were too unimportant to suffer from the political machinations and perjured testimony of the disgraceful "Titus Oates" period. And with the opening of the eighteenth century there came to them a season of peace and prosperity. For in the days of Queen Anne, money was found for the purchase of Ufton Richard, and for producing a satisfactory "up-to-date" (they hadn't the objectionable phrase, but they acted up to it) condition of things at the Court. The whole of the west or garden side was altered and cased in brick, and the garden itself laid out—a great walled enclosure approached from the terrace by a charming flight of steps and buttressed up on its north side where the ground slopes rapidly down to the string of fish-ponds, carefully maintained by the Catholic Perkinses, and the woody glen, which dips down to join the main valley of the Kennet. To the east also half the house was brick-cased and sash-windowed, and the interior decorations were redone, in the case of the drawing-room entirely; in the case of the hall and the dining-room beyond it the walls were panelled in deal, but Lady Marvyn's ceilings were retained.



ENTRANCE TO A SECRET CHAMBER.

Every effort was made to bring the old house into line with the taste of the day, for the fourth Francis, a boy when he inherited in 1694, married, twenty years later, the reigning beauty of London's most fashionable society and smartest houses. This was Arabella Fermor, who, of the various *belles* for whom is claimed the honour of being the original of Belinda in Pope's "Rape of the Lock," undoubtedly has the strongest case. The period of her reign at the Court was the top of the tide in the

affairs of the Perkinses of Ufton, whose male line ended in 1769. For thirty-five years after this the collaterals held the estate, and a Roman priest lodged in the south wing and celebrated mass



AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.



A SECRET STAIRWAY.

in the chapel, no longer now at peril of life or limb, for the benefit of the few villagers and neighbours who had, with the squire, maintained communion with Rome. There was little for them to do, and Father Madew had ample time to compile a recipe book, in which he not only tells you how to cure consumption and the bite of a mad dog, but how to make the carp from the ponds palatable by additions of half bottles of port to the sauce, and even then "oysters are a good addition." Eventually the place was sold. The owner of neighbouring Aldermaston added this estate to his acres, and the Court ceased to afford a lodging even to a celibate. Decay reigned and the avenue was telled. Later on it again changed hands, and the new owner considered

the fabric worth preserving. The interior was cut up into tenements, and the excellently-carved beams of Lady Marvyn's dining-room are now hidden by matchboard partitions. The exterior was "restored," the northern or Queen Anne half of the east elevation being made to exactly "match" the southern or Queen Elizabeth portion in a manner it had certainly never done

have a mnemonic distinction between the two; with them *poissons venimeux* are, like the weever, venomous, whereas *poissons veneneux*, like the melette of New Caledonia or, at certain seasons, the Caribbean barracuda, are those which poison anyone who eats their flesh. The weever is excellent eating; but the spines on the dorsal fin and gill-covers ought to be removed before



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PART OF ENTRANCE FRONT.

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in Lady Marvyn's time. More recently a portion has been occupied by a tenant who fully appreciates the archaeological and historic interest connected with her ancient abode. Miss Sharp has not only guarded its peculiar and original features, but she has collected its scattered records, and we recommend her "History of Upton Court" as an instance of patient research, and a model of what should be done to preserve the story of our antique domestic fabrics and of the families with which they have been associated.

THE MENACE OF THE WEEVER.

THE weevers, of which two kinds are found on the British coasts, are the danger most dreaded by the men aboard our trawlers. In the drift-nets these scourges are rarely, if ever, found; for they haunt the sea-bed, and the drift-net catches its mackerel and its herrings nearer the surface. But the all-embracing trawl brings up bushels of these fish, which, though edible and marketable when the danger-points are nipped off the fins, generally rank as "stocker," the perquisite of the crew. On the quays at Lowestoft, one of the premier smack trawling ports of the kingdom, I have seen a heap of greater weevers sold separately from the prime trawl-fish which must, at a low computation, have numbered 1,000. It is, therefore, appropriately enough from that port that Mr. Muir Evans has lately issued some interesting notes on the venom of weevers and its action on the heart, respiratory organs and blood of its victims. The weever, by the way, though venomous, is not poisonous. The French

cooking. In Continental markets, indeed, they have to be cut off before the fish is exposed for sale. Those who have been stung by a weever are not likely to forget the symptoms of numbness and burning, which rapidly spread to the whole arm, lasting in bad cases for days, and bringing on sickness and even delirium. The fishermen have two opinions about the intensity of the venom, which, unlike much of their lore, are probably correct. One is that the venom loses power gradually after the death of the fish, and this, indeed, is confirmed by Mr. Evans, who had less intense reactions with venom taken from some not perfectly fresh fish on ice. The other is that the sting does most harm from a fish about to spawn, and this, too, bears a look of reason, seeing that the fish would be in fittest condition at that period, and therefore able to sting most vigorously. Mr. Evans, following on the investigations of M. Briot of Paris, and other French workers, but working quite independently of their results, obtained by a very careful process, to which he submitted the grooved opercular spines of nearly 2,000 weevers, several grammes of dried venom, which was poured in a mortar and dissolved in distilled water or saline solution. His experiments on cats, rabbits and guinea-pigs are of academic rather than practical value, as, with the possible exception of a cat prowling on the foreshore, none of these animals would in the natural course be exposed to direct risk from these fish. But he also made some very interesting and important experiments on birds and fish. It is certain that the chief use of the weever's venom store is not, perhaps, to poison other fishes that it may feed on them (as it lives on invertebrate food for the most part), but rather to arm it for defence. It is therefore interesting to find that a 4in. goldfish died in an hour and a-half after the injection of less than a centigramme of the venom.

As regards birds, the hæmolytic action of the poison on the blood of a pigeon treated with a single drop of a 50 per cent.

solution was apparent within two hours, and this again explains the story of fishermen that the gulls to which they throw live weevers drop into the sea as if struck dead. There appears to be some doubt still as to whether death is due in the majority of cases to respiratory failure by direct paralysis of the breathing apparatus; but this is probably the action of the poison.

Mr. Evans gives the following useful treatment in case of weever sting, which, as we are on the threshold of the summer sea-angling season, amateur fishermen would do well to keep a note of: "The part pricked should be separated from the general circulation by a ligature, and if the lips are not sore the wound should be sucked. The wound should be freely incised, and a fresh solution of permanganate of potash, hypochlorite of lime,

or chloride of gold 1 per cent. should be rubbed into the part. The permanganate solution has a neutralising effect that has been established in practice." Prevention is better than cure, and as, even on our piers, where the majority of weevers caught by amateur anglers occur, these reagents are not as a rule immediately available, it is best to adopt the good old treatment of putting your boot on the weever's back and cutting out the hook with pocket scissors or knife. Once again I plead, as I have in vain done before, for a local bye-law that shall compel pier companies (particularly those which derive considerable revenue from charges for fishing) to post up in prominent places on the landing-stage unmistakable photographs of both weevers with these instructions legibly printed underneath. F. G. AFLALO.

THE GARDENS & ARBORETUM AT WESTONBIRT

SOME time since we gave in these pages illustrations and a description of the house and gardens at Westonbirt, the seat of Captain G. L. Holford, near Tetbury in Gloucestershire, which is a place deserving of attention from many points of view, and particularly from that of the planter and tree-lover. The estate is situated on the plateau of the Cotswold Hills, some four miles from the precipitous scarp from which one looks right across the Severn Valley to the Forest of Dean and the Welsh hills. This elevated region rises between 300ft. and 400ft. above the sea-level, and the soil is dry and stony, so that the conditions were not propitious for the creation of such lovely grounds as now adorn the place, and are a remarkably fine illustration of what can be done in the garden world by those who, like the late Mr. R. S. Holford, and his son and successor, Captain Holford, are real lovers of wood, tree, and garden. We say, with Shakespeare, when we look over the fair domain of Westonbirt, and think of the planter and gardener plying their craft:

This is an Art
Which does mend Nature; change it rather; but
The Art itself is Nature.

So it is that we have in the grounds of Westonbirt a veritable creation in this realm of natural beauty; and the place is the more admirable because of its lying in a country much enframed by stone walls, and not strictly beautiful, though having many picturesque points about it possessing a charm of their own. It is a district happily unspoiled, and is in the very centre of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, Silk Wood, adjoining the park, being one of the most famous fox coverts in England.

The successive houses at Westonbirt have stood almost upon the same site. The first of them was an old Cotswold manor house which disappeared in the eighteenth century. Its successor was pulled down by the late Mr. Holford in 1863, and the present splendid structure was built from the designs of Mr. Vulliamy, who died before it was completed, the idea being taken mainly from the splendid mansion of Woollaton in Nottinghamshire. Here the Holfords have been seated for some two centuries, and in each generation something has been done to bring the place nearer to the state of perfection in which we now see it. The late Mr. Holford clothed the place with tree growth, and with rare knowledge and abundant enthusiasm wrought almost a miracle in the wonderful colour effects he produced. He found the soil, generally speaking, of the poorest, with a thin coating of brashy limestone overlying the oolitic rock, which is never many inches below the surface, but it responded to his touch, and luckily about a mile from the house he discovered a "pocket" of sand, which he utilised for the planting of his arboretum; and now in this chosen place rhododendrons, of which there is a very fine collection, and other plants to which limestone is antagonistic, thrive wonderfully.

It is difficult to realise that the glories of Westonbirt were mostly the creation of one lifetime, but Mr. Holford used to recount that less than fifty years before he spoke, the old house which has disappeared was sparsely surrounded by a growth of elm, ash, beech, oak, and thorn. When he died he left the place clothed with the richest plantations, and adorned with groups of trees, including an infinite variety of native and exotic things. Captain Holford has carried on the work in the same spirit, and with the same tradition, and Westonbirt is now more





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BROAD WALK FROM THE SUNK GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

luxuriant and more beautiful than the late Mr. Holford ever knew it. The gardens have been planted, not to give an effect for one season only, but to be invested with beauty at every time of the year, though, if any particular season is best for a view of them, it is when the autumnal tints light them up with glory. The Japanese maples, American trees, and many varieties of thorn have been planted with this intention. Evergreen trees have been very largely used, such as the Scotch, Austrian, and Corsican pines, and the common spruce, with an undergrowth of holly and laurel. The pines thrive wonderfully. Mr. Holford was assisted by Gilpin, and though much planting and thinning has been done since then, the work of Gilpin has not been disturbed.

Except in the immediate neighbourhood of the house, the grounds are a most admirable example of the landscape style. The manner is unconventional, but there is a perfect harmony of conception, and Mr. Holford kept clear of classic artificialities, which disfigure so many landscape designs, while securing picturesqueness and beauty. There are glades and vistas at every turn, and constantly the eye is attracted by grand masses of colour, the striking features of individually magnificent trees, the charms of rock work (executed by Mr. Pulham), which would deceive the eye of the geologist, groups of alpine plants, water effects by the charming lake, and by many other features full of natural charm. No place in England is more rich in trees and shrubs of all kinds, and it may be said that the park and grounds are one vast arboretum. Everything that is new is tried here, and there are few things that do not prosper. The Japanese maples are one of the glories of the place, from the bursting of the buds in the spring till the glowing leaves are dyed in splendid hues in the autumn. Red dogwoods are much used, and everywhere the object has been to impart the charm of variety and colour. In particular great care has been taken to produce wonderful winter effects, the result being that, although not a deciduous tree has burst its buds, the whole of the grounds have a clothed appearance. The dogwoods, with their stems almost as bright as sealing wax, are contrasted with the dark and cool hues of the conifers, and in the variety of these latter we have all the materials of a beautiful winter garden. Irish yews, junipers, golden-hued conifers—all these contrast in form and colour with other trees—berberis, weigela, and spiraea, and many kinds of deciduous bushes and trees, are planted to give their charm in succeeding seasons.

The Arboretum proper, which is one of the great features of Westonbirt, covers about 100 acres, and is half a mile from the house. It was laid out about forty-five years ago, and the late Mr. Holford, up to the time of his death, took unfailing interest in it. It contains an exceedingly fine collection of conifers and deciduous trees, and of all kinds of shrubs, and one of the features already alluded to is the great masses of the red dogwoods and coloured willows used for colour effects in the winter. This Arboretum is traversed by a road some four miles in length, to traverse which is to receive a perfect revelation of beautiful tree forms and colours, the bare downs having been clothed with exotic trees and many native plants and bushes appropriate



"COUNTRY LIFE."

SOUTH FRONT.

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THE LAKE.

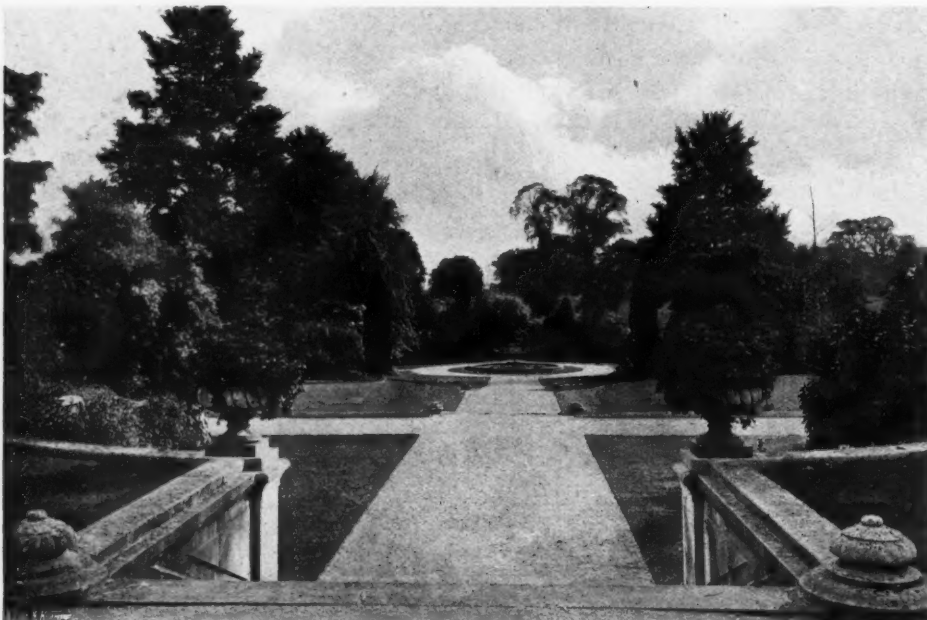
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ANOTHER VIEW IN THE ARBORETUM.

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SOUTH WALK, LOWER LAWN.

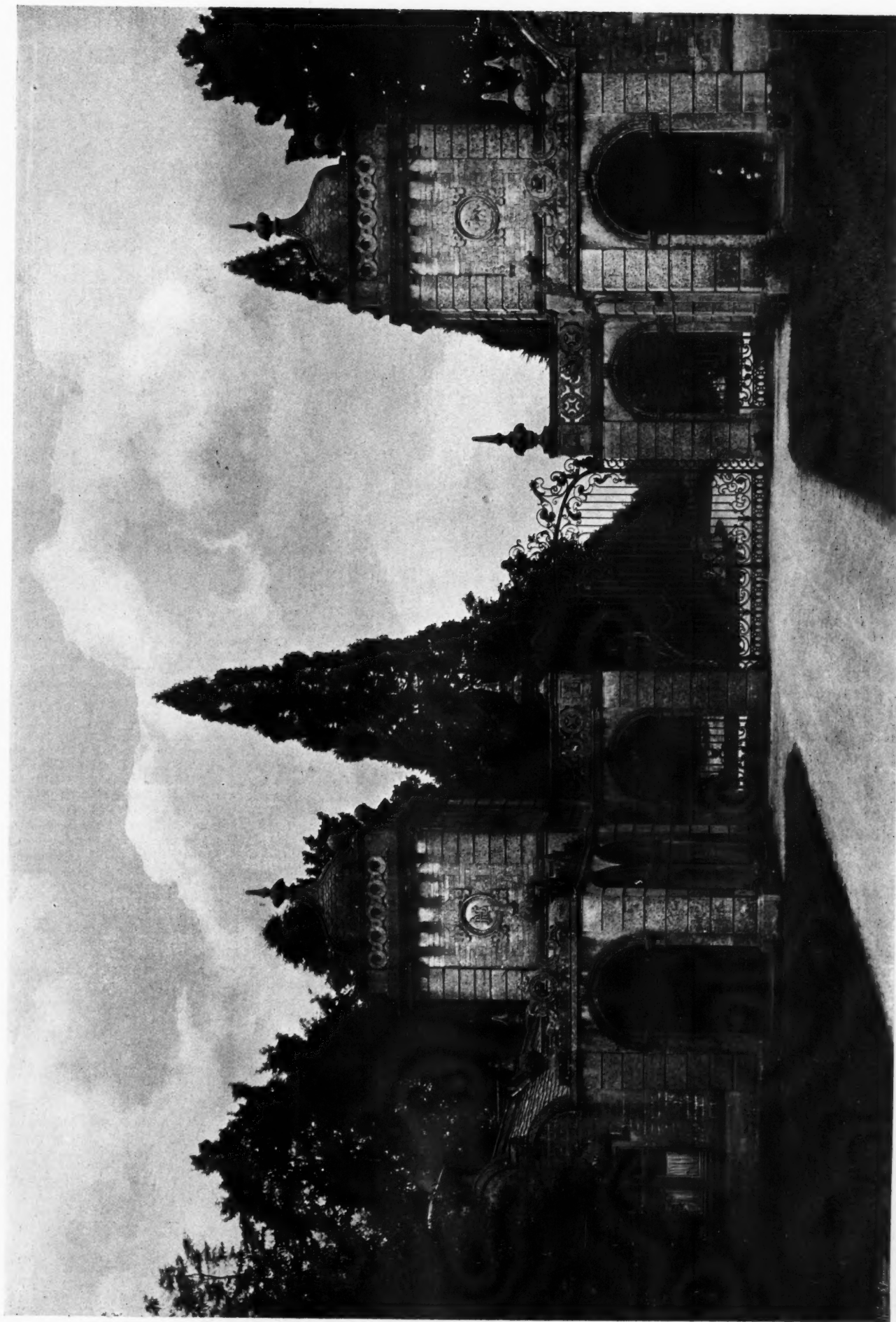
"COUNTRY LIFE."

to the situation. It is worthy of remark that some of the finest collections of trees in England are in the neighbourhood of the Cotswolds, for besides Westonbirt, there are notable Arboreta at Tortworth, Highnam Court, and Eastnor, which is not much further north. The Westonbirt Arboretum is not planted in accordance with any scientific plan, but, at the outset, all trees were placed in the situations likely to suit them, and the result has justified the good judgment with which the work was initiated. The rhododendrons, happily growing in suitable soil, are of great magnificence, and every kind is represented. The variety of conifers is truly astonishing, and Mr. Holford and his son have been singularly successful, not only in growing them to perfection, but in grouping them with admirable skill. The collection of trees continues for some two miles on either side of the circular drive, and through the large sylvan tract known as Silk Wood, which covers some 300 acres. The spruce, silver and hemlock firs do splendidly. Among the trees are many varieties of scarlet oaks, of which the one called Waterer's oak, or the Knaphill kind, is undoubtedly the most brilliant, holding its leaves until well into the winter. Among the conifers in various parts of the grounds are fine specimens of *Cedrus atlantica*, about 80ft. high; the variety *glauca*, 30ft. high; *Cedrus Deodara*, 70ft. high; and several large specimens of the Lebanon cedar, *Sequoia* (*Wellingtonia*) *gigantea*, and *S. sempervirens* have attained a height of 75ft.; and there are magnificent specimens of the glorious *Cryptomeria japonica elegans*. The true *Japonica* and the *Japonica Lobii* have attained a height of 80ft. Among golden varieties are the *Cupressus Lawsoniana lutea*, and several rich varieties of junipers, pines, and yews. It may be interesting to give the heights of some other of the principal trees. Of the spruce firs, *Orientalis* 65ft., and *Smithiana* 60ft.; of the silver varieties, *Cephalonica* 65ft., *Nordmannia* and *Grandis* 80ft., *Nobilis* and *Pectinata* 70ft. But enough of a catalogue. It would be almost impossible to exhaust the interest of this noble collection. The idea appears to have been to find a home for every variety that could be grown in this situation, and, as we have said, rich colour, contrast of hue and of form and a clothing of the land in every season of the year, are the cause of the great success of the work at Westonbirt.

IN THE . GARDEN.

MAKING A BOG GARDEN.

WE have received a request for information about making a bog garden, which should be the home of many charming moisture-loving flowers—the Himalayan Primrose, Marsh Marigold, Trollius or Globe-flower, Huntsman's Horn (*Sarracenia*) and a host of plants native of this country and species from abroad. One cannot give more instructive notes than those supplied to the writer by the late Mr. F. W. Meyer, whose reputation as a maker of rock and bog gardens is very great. He mentioned that from a useful, as well as an ornamental, point of view a well-arranged bog garden should form one of the most desirable adjuncts to a rock garden. Although the term "bog bed" is sometimes used, there should be,



WESTONBIRT: NORTH LODGE.

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THE HOUSE FROM THE WEST.

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of course, not a vestige of regularity visible if such a bed is to be associated with rocks of natural appearance. If, for the purpose of retaining the water, cemented basins or other contrivances are necessary, they can easily be hidden by natural groupings and by being filled up in such a way that no one would suspect their presence. Whatever the shape of the bog bed might be below the surface of the ground, it will be found most effective only if above ground no hard-and-fast dividing line appears at all. A bog garden enables us to add to the rock plants. We grow such as would require an extra degree of moisture, and if both shady nooks and moist but sunny quarters can be arranged for them, so much the better.

NATURAL BOG GARDENS.

If one should be fortunate enough to possess a natural swamp which can be connected with the rock garden, little more will be required than to ensure perfect drainage. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that too much drainage would leave the site too dry for the bog plants. The best arrangement of all is one which would enable us to keep both the water supply and the drainage under perfect control. An excellent opportunity of doing this is offered when the bog bed is slightly sloping and a natural stream is in such close proximity that it can be tapped for the purpose of supplying the necessary moisture. In such a case little more is needful than to insert an ordinary drain-pipe at the side of the stream, and to connect with this a few branch pipes so arranged as to distribute the water evenly. The latter will naturally find its way to the lowest part of the bog garden, but not until it has thoroughly soaked the whole, when it might be made to rejoin the stream at a lower level. The drain-pipes need not traverse the whole bed, but should be capable of ensuring a fairly even distribution of the water. By means of a plug connected with the main pipe in the stream the quantity of water can easily be regulated, or, if desired, the supply can be stopped altogether. That all pipes must be completely hidden by soil, rocks or plants goes without saying. Sometimes the overflow of a pond,

instead of running to waste, might be effectively used to do duty in the bog garden. If the natural soil is unfit for the cultivation of bog plants, it must be excavated deep enough to allow of a liberal supply of leaf-mould, peat and loam, mixed with sand and gravel. For most plants a depth of 15 in. to 18 in. of good soil would be sufficient, but for the Moccasin-flower (*Cypripedium spectabile*) and others a greater depth would be desirable.

BOG GARDEN WITHOUT CEMENT, AND FLOWERS TO PLANT.

When the water supply is scarce, and has to be furnished by a small spring or by a pipe of limited size, it will generally be found advisable to excavate a kind of level basin, made water-tight by means of clay-puddle, and provided with an outlet and overflow. Sometimes the subsoil consists of an impervious clay, and, if so, the work is made easy. With regard to the plants to use, these include some of the most charming of alpine and stream-side wildings. The little bog garden in the rockery at Kew will show how much may be accomplished in a small space, and the sweetest of spring flowers there is the rosy Himalayan Primrose (*Primula rosea*). Flourishing with its feet almost in water is the Bachelor's Buttons (*Ranunculus aconitifolius*), which bears an abundance of pretty white flowers and has a greater hold on the affections of the writer than the double form. The scarlet Lobelia delights in moisture, and is never so fine in growth and flower as when the roots are in moist, though not necessarily boggy, soil. Pitcher plant (*Sarracenia*), the Moccasin-flower (*Cypripedium spectabile*), Bird's-eye



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THE SLOPING LAWN, WESTONBIRT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Primrose (*Primula farinosa*), *P. japonica*, the Japan Primrose, the Buckbean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), Ferns, the Bronze-leaf (*Rodgersia podophylla*), *Linnaea borealis*, *Drosera* or Sundew, *Pinguicula*, the Panther Lily (*Lilium pardalinum*), Swamp Lily (*L. superbum*), Madeira Orchis (*O. foliosa*), the crimson-flowered *Spiraea palmata*, *Primula denticulata*, the American Cowslips (*Dodecatheon*), Water Mimulus (*M. luteus*), Willow Gentian (*Gentiana asclepiadea*), G. Andrewsii, *Saxifraga Hirculus*, the double meadow Saxifrage (*S. granulata plena*) and the beautiful Japan Iris (*I. Kaempferi*)—this

selection will form a good foundation, and with a greater knowledge of the moisture-loving plants additions may be made from time to time. One great point is to group the various flowers. A colony of *Primula rosea* will give greater pleasure than two or three tufts, and this applies strongly to such things as the Japan Iris, of which one desires rills of flowers set out in a way suggested by Nature herself.

IS THE SWEET ROCKET DYING OUT?

It would be interesting to know whether the remarks of a correspondent in our contemporary the *Garden* are justified. The Sweet Rocket is one of the most charming of garden flowers, but it is dying out, at least so writes an enthusiastic Irish gardener. His words are as follows: "Do races of plants die out as do races of men? I fear so. All my life I have been an enthusiastic lover of the Rocket tribe, but I much fear that the days of the two most beautiful of the family, viz., the old double white (not the Scotch variety) and the old double lilac are numbered. I remember when every good garden in this (Cavan) and the neighbouring counties was full of them; except with myself they are extinct. I have given them over and over again to gardens where I remember them in the forties like weeds; but no one seems able to keep them, and now the shadow of a great calamity is impending over myself. I used to have them by the hundred; now my stock is reduced to five of the old white and three of the old lilac, although I take every possible trouble with them, but I fear Nature is against me. Last year I struck a nice lot of cuttings and planted them out in July in a most carefully-prepared bed. They grew and flourished, but all died in the winter—with us a specially mild one. That great gardener Mr. Alexander Dickson of Newtownards advises potting them off in the autumn and keeping them in

a cold frame. I shall try the plan, but confess I have not much expectation of its success. When it comes to devices of that kind I feel it is the beginning of the end." Perhaps those who have experience of this beautiful old-world garden flower will give their views upon the subject.

RHODODENDRON PINK PEARL.

The groups of this *Rhododendron* shown recently have served to draw attention to this beautiful class of hardy shrubs. No wonder Pink Pearl has established itself in the affections of the flower-loving public. It is hardy, there is strength of growth and leafage, and the trusses of blossoms crown the growths in a way suggestive of some exquisite single Rose, each individual flower measuring 5 in. across and coloured a delightful rose pink, pink as a maiden's cheek. We have not grown this shrub, but presume a certain amount of shelter is desirable when it is in bloom to protect it from cold winds and late frosts.

THE ORCHISES.

These are among the most abundant of native flowers, and to the group belong the Bee, Fly and Spider Orchises. It is not of these we would now write, nor of the well-known spotted Orchis (*O. maculata*), Marsh Orchis (*O. latifolia*), or other wildings, but of the handsome *O. foliosa*, which is one of Madeira's fairest flowers. It is excellent for pot culture, and we have grown much of it in this way, bringing the plants into the greenhouse in autumn after their sojourn in the garden with the pots plunged to the rim. Where there is a rock or bog garden plant the Madeira Orchis, choosing, as we have mentioned before, the more sheltered parts, where the soil is light and warm. When the plant is in a position that suits it the stem will rise to nearly a foot, crowded with rich purple flowers.

SHEEP IN JUNE.

IN the South of England sheep are not of so much importance in June as they are in the North. Here the vital question of the moment is that of hay-making. On many farms it only began in earnest on Monday last, although there had been a good deal of lucerne cut during the course of the preceding week. But now hay-cutting has to be taken in hand in earnest, and farmers are naturally very anxious about the result. Hitherto the year has been so wet as to produce a very heavy crop of grass, but it has not ripened at all, and in any case there will be a considerable loss unless sunshine comes to dry it. For the worst of it is that hay produced in a season like the present needs many hours of sunshine to render it fit for stacking. Unless it is very thoroughly dried beforehand it is certain to heat. Even in the midst of the hay-making, however, there are many farms on which attention must be given to the flocks, particularly where pedigree animals are bred for exhibition purposes. We are now in the very middle of the show season, and the unfortunate animals that have been selected to sustain the credit of their breeder have to be carted from place to place and made to undergo all the careful preparation that is necessary before they are sent to the show. What it means only the shepherds know. Not only must the animal be in first-rate condition, but the wool has to be



Miss L. Bland.

SHEEP-WASHING IN TIPPERARY.

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treated as carefully as if it composed the locks of a very fine lady. On the great sheep farms of the North this is the busiest and most important time of the year. Sheep-washing is not altogether finished, as the prudent farmers in many cases delayed it because of the inclemency of the weather. Even in June many of the days take us back to February rather than suggests mid-summer. The spectacle of sheep-washing, usually over, is one that can still be seen every day. The men in our first picture are taking what is possibly the easiest way for themselves. There is a sort of jetty pushed out into the stream. On to this the sheep are thrust, and stalwart labourers say that the task of catching and holding them is about the toughest that a farm labourer has to attempt, especially when the sheep under treatment are old ewes with muscles like bowstrings. Each sheep is compelled to jump into the stream, and then, guided by the shepherds' crooks, forced to swim till its fleece is thoroughly clean and white. We do not know that this is the most satisfactory way. At any rate, the plan adopted on our own farm leads to more satisfactory results. Three or four men are engaged to help the shepherd, and these stand up



SHEARING.

to their hips in water. The sheep, just as is shown in the picture, is obliged to spring into the stream. Washer No. 1 then seizes it by the fleece, and, turning it on its back, sways it backward and forward till the washing process is completed. When he has done his duty, he turns the head of the swimming sheep to washer No. 2, who seizes it in the same way, in his turn passing it on to No. 3. We have often heard these men discussing what they consider to be the hardest form of rural labour. In a June such as we are



FREEING THE FLEECE FROM INSECT PESTS.

having at present, there can be no question that the most unattractive task is that of standing almost up to your waist in water as cold as it could be in a February frost and shivering there for hours. But the work that makes the greatest demand on the muscles is that of catching the sheep and literally pitching it into the stream. Mowing grass is considered very hard labour when continued, as it often is, from three or four o'clock in the morning to the dusk of a summer night; tossing hay or corn from a cart on to the stack is labour that would have furnished employment for Hercules himself; the business of draining the clay soil when the labourer has to stand far down in the earth and toss up the clods of clay to the surface is employment to cause the stoutest to wince; but those who have performed all these duties assert that the hardest of them is light compared to that of catching old ewes and putting them into the water. Sheep-shearing, of which we give an illustration, is a light and pleasing accomplishment by comparison. This is one of the tasks that is essayed by machinery, but as far as our experience goes never with complete success. The skilful shearer may not get through quite so much work as the machine for sheep-shearing, but he certainly accomplishes it without inflicting so much pain on the animals. It may be that there are machines by which the work can be done without wounding, but all we can say is that we have never seen them. Even those exhibited at the Royal and other agricultural shows frequently inflict considerable suffering on the sheep. In a country of hill pastures the sheep at all times produce bleating that seems to mingle well with the sounds natural to such country, the rippling of water, the roar of the mill wheel, the sound of the wind blowing over copse and hill; but it swells greatly in volume after the operations of washing and clipping are complete. The sheep are not only amazed by the experience, but they have great difficulty in recognising one another in their new dress, and seem to find a vent for their astonishment in continuous bleating. Even when driven away to their pastures they continue this cry, till the sound seems to fall like some soft

shower from the high hills. The sheep-shearing usually takes place some time after the sheep-washing, the idea being to allow of the lapse of an interval that will permit the yolk to rise in the grease and add to its weight and lustre. This is a very important consideration at the moment, because the "sheet anchor of British farming" depends for its value very largely upon the wool produced. Since the beginning of the great drought in Australia there has arisen a demand for English wool which, thought to be only temporary at the beginning, has endured for several years longer than was expected, and at the present moment there is no reason to believe that it is coming to any sudden close. But this does not end the responsibility thrown upon a shepherd at this season of the year. We must never forget that the heavy fleece of the sheep is to a large extent an artificial product; that is to say, that although it comes naturally to the sheep, its abundance and texture are due to long-continued breeding and care. Therefore the shepherd has to be continually on the watch for anything in the slightest degree likely to injure it. Sheep are exposed to many dangers both to skin and fleece; indeed, they are altogether a feeble folk, and a shepherd who understands his work must have a considerable share of the accomplishments of a veterinary surgeon. He should be careful, in the first place, to see that no more filth than that which is unavoidable is allowed to become entangled in the wool. He must also examine the skin at regular intervals

for those insects that are both injurious to the fleece and make the life of the sheep itself a misery. For this reason he has to be about from very early in the morning till night with his tar-bottle and other medicaments to hand to deal with those simple diseases that he understands. Probably it is the unceasing care he has learned to exercise that ends by making the shepherd so learned in the true sense of the word. It is equally true of North and South that some of the best shepherds can, even in this twentieth century, neither read nor write. But they know their flock, every member, by headpiece; they can interpret the signs of the sky, and read what message the wind or rain has to tell; they know all the lowly herbs and wild flowers that come to meadow or fell. Above all, the habit of being at once guard and doctor and nurse and caretaker of the sheep and lambs gives



SIRES OF THE FLOCK: DORSET HORN RAMS.

a patience and wisdom scarcely equalled in any other calling. In a true sheep country it is the usual custom for the shepherd to rise at daylight even in summer, although that means at three o'clock in the morning. In hot weather the sheep tries to ascend to the highest point in its range, an instinct that has been partly born and partly developed in it. Probably if the sheep could explain its own mind and knew its history, it would say that its early ancestors



C. E. Walmsley.

AMONG THE HILLS.

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climbed to the mountain tops in order to avoid their natural enemies. The shepherd encourages it to follow the example of wild beasts because on the tops of the hills the sheep breathes a purer air and also enjoys freedom from insect pests. But the

flock would soon get out of condition if they were allowed to stay there, as the feed is the poorest imaginable. So their guardian must be up betimes in order to drive them down to the slacks and valleys, where the juicy and fresh grass is to be found.

SHOOTING.

COVERT-SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND.

ALTHOUGH many centuries have elapsed since the introduction of pheasants into English glades, the distribution of the species in the sister kingdom was, until recent times, extremely local. The appearance of a single cock bird in the heart of the Grampian range in 1826 was chronicled by a writer of the period, and although a few stragglers followed in the steps of this adventurous bird from time to time, the habits of the species generally rendered these an easy prey to the sportsman in search of other game. Covert-shooting, as everybody knows, is at all times an expensive amusement, and the difficulty of maintaining a good head of birds in the wild glens of the North often necessitates the employment of a larger staff of keepers than would be required in more favourable situations. The wandering propensities of pheasants are well known to all who have reared them on an extensive scale, and this tendency becomes accentuated when the birds are turned out in a land where crops are scarce, but where woods of enormous extent in which berries grow in great abundance are found.

At certain times of the year, during the summer and early autumn, natural food is plentiful in the form of berries, seeds and insect-life. During this period little hand-feeding is necessary, but, on the other hand, a proportionately greater outlay in this direction is requisite during the winter and early spring. There are many districts in Scotland, notably in the South and East, where the conditions under which pheasants are reared differ little from those in existence in English preserves, and the system of covert-shooting in these is so well known that further remarks would be superfluous. Rather would I draw attention to the methods by means of which the sport may be seen at its best under unfavourable circumstances, where Nature seems to conspire to thwart the plans of the keepers, and where the task of the latter is rendered infinitely harder by reason of the severity of the climate and the scarcity of arable land. In the first place it should be noted that, while most English coverts were planted primarily for sporting purposes, the exact contrary is the case in the Scottish Highlands. Here the woods are of large extent, and the ultimate profit to be derived from the sale of the timber was the incentive which led to their formation. In the former case the coverts were planted for covert-shooting, in the latter pheasants are necessarily turned out in woods where it is no easy matter to find and show them on the day of the shoot. The Scottish proprietor who contemplates rearing pheasants on a large scale is thus confronted with a problem the solution of which is by no means simple. He has, generally speaking, plenty of cover at his disposal, but no coverts suitable for his purpose. Probably he begins to plant, but many years will elapse before his spruce, larch and pine plantations will hold any quantity of birds. In the meantime it is necessary to adapt the existing woods for the purpose as far as possible, and much can be done in the arrangement of cross rides cut at intervals. Compact plantations of Scotch fir should be cut into sections and the rides should be made of sufficient width at the commencement. A natural reluctance to sacrifice the timber frequently results in such rides being made too narrow. If the timber is of considerable value a narrow ride may suffice, provided that the trees are thinned on both sides for some distance, the undercover being cut back and the "flushing" or "thickening" placed at least 40yds. from the guns. The branches from the "thinnings" will serve this purpose admirably. Long, narrow strips of woodland lend themselves to this system, and each section may be then driven in succession. In treating a big wood thus care must be taken to map out a regular system by means of which the birds which escape the guns in driving one section will be available for the next, until eventually the bulk of the pheasants are concentrated at the end of the wood, where will probably be the big rise of the day, that is, if all has gone well meanwhile. It frequently happens that on such occasions the birds have a tendency to break back and are reluctant to face the open in the final rise, turning back homewards over the heads of the beaters. If this is the case, the difficulty may be met by placing the guns in the last ride instead of outside the wood, the beaters making a circuit and driving the last section in the opposite direction, stops having been previously placed at the open end.

In shooting such extensive woods the variety of the bag obtained lends an additional charm to the sport, woodcock, black-game and capercaillie, to say nothing of ground game and roe,

flashing past the guns at intervals, generally before the pheasants put in their appearance. It should be remembered that more beaters are required in proportion to the thickness of the cover and undergrowth, fully twice as many being necessary to beat a Scotch fir plantation with undergrowth of heather and bracken as would be needed in an English beech wood with little undercover. Although it is generally desirable to cut away the bulk of the old trees in making plantations for covert-shooting, it is advisable to leave a screen of these on the fringe of the covert, both to induce birds to rise and for shelter for the young trees. A thick hedge of spruce or other conifers will often serve to break the force of the wind and to check the snowdrifts which often play dire havoc with exposed plantations. In many parts of the Highlands, especially on hillsides where the ground is well suited for "tall" rocketers, birch scrub predominates, and if it is desirable to replant such ground the following method may be followed with advantage: The birch is cut to within a foot of the ground, a few trees being left for shelter. In a short time the birch shoots vigorously and provides shelter both for the young trees and for game.

If ground game and sheep are rigorously excluded a wonderful growth of undercover appears, and this will hold pheasants in a very brief period of years. Care should, however, be taken to prevent the undergrowth from interfering with the young and more valuable plants. The existence of some outlying croft or small farm near the march is often a means of luring away the hand-reared birds, especially if there is little arable land in the centre of the preserve. A stubble field on the march flanked by warm woods in the neighbouring property is a great source of leakage, and the only remedy in such cases is constant watchfulness on the part of the keeper, careful feeding and regular "shepherding" or "driving in" of the birds. The absence of foxes in Highland coverts is in the keeper's favour, for the hill fox seldom ventures near the haunts of man. There are, however, other sources of danger, and hawks play havoc with the young birds when they leave the rearing-field. The writer has seen the golden eagle sitting close to a feeding-place in hard weather, though it is probable that this noble bird would do little harm in coverts beyond scaring the inmates. In severe weather, especially when frost follows a heavy snowstorm, pheasants frequently succumb to famine and exposure. The mortality among wild-bred birds is naturally greatest, for they are probably not acquainted with the position of the "feed," and it is no easy matter to guide them thither. These birds should be killed off early in the season, for, in the experience of the writer, they begin to lose condition from November onwards, and after the first storm they are scarcely worth a shot. In the more elevated portions of the Highlands pheasants in winter are entirely dependent upon the food supplied by the keeper, and failing this they will inevitably wander and perish. H. B. M.

PARTRIDGES' NESTS DIFFICULT TO MARK.

ONLY a short while ago keepers were anticipating that, in consequence of the backwardness of the season generally and the slow growth of grasses and foliage, they would be compelled to wage a more severe war than usual against poachers of all kinds in order to preserve the partridge nests, which seemed likely to have less than the normal screens to conceal them. A few weeks have effected such a change in the wild flora that the complaint has rather been, at the nesting-time, that the growth was so heavy that it was not possible to mark down the normal proportion of nests. The general hatching-out-time is close at hand, at the moment of writing, and will be accomplished when these notes are read. It is to be hoped sincerely that the constant rain will have ceased before that crucial date. Some early broods seem to have hatched out uncommonly well, in spite of it all, and the clutches have been large. It is very singular how differently birds have been affected by the cold and wet. The majority do not appear to be breeding any later, as a consequence, but some kinds, and, curiously enough, some of the sea-birds, which one would have thought least of all likely to be influenced by such conditions, have been weeks behind their normal date for resorting to their nesting-places.

HEDGEHOGS.

A species of vermin which is most destructive to partridges' nests and not very easy to destroy is the hedgehog, and this animal in some places is very much more numerous than usual this year. It is not a little curious how many of the hibernating animals, among which the hedgehog has to be reckoned, seem to be in more than their normal numbers, as if they had been peculiarly well suited by the rather severe and prolonged winter, which gave them no temptation to resume their activities too early. The hedgehog is difficult to trap, because he makes no use of a burrow and a covered

way has no attraction for him, nor does his rather singular shape lend itself to capture by the noose. Some terriers are clever at smelling out the hedgehogs where they lie coiled in hedgerows or any adequate covert, but the dogs very seldom find them during their winter hibernation, when with their reduced vital energies they probably give off very little scent. A hedgehog-hunting dog, too, is at all times apt to be diverted by the scent of rats and rabbits, though some can be trained to be fairly staunch on hedgehogs only, and it would be well worth a keeper's while, in parts where the hedgehogs are very troublesome, to take pains with a terrier which showed any

such predilection and train him to leave other things alone and hunt for hedgehogs only. In fact, in some shooting counties a man might probably make a good livelihood as a professional hedgehog-hunter with a dog thus taught. There is no doubt that the partridge is the bird which suffers most from the hedgehog's fondness for eggs—he is not particular that they should be fresh, and some good observers will tell you that he seems fond of leaving them until nearly hatched, and then gobbling up the chick almost fully formed; but no egg which he finds is likely to come amiss to him.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

ON THE GREEN.

THE FUTURE OF THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

By F. KINLOCH.

THE delegates of the various clubs who support the amateur championship had before them, for informal consideration, the question of the rapidly increasing entry for that event. Everyone was of opinion that something ought to be done, but no one could suggest a remedy which was calculated to please all concerned, so the matter was, in the meantime, remitted to the committees of the various clubs for deliberation, in the hope that among the multitude of councillors there might be found wisdom. There are three points for consideration. The first is the numbers of those entering, and how these may be curtailed. Until these actually overtop 256 the matter does not call for immediate legislation, as the championship can still be decided within five days. Nevertheless, at the ratio in which the numbers are increasing, it looks as if that limit will be reached and passed by 1909. Something, therefore, should be done before then. It is not easy to find a way to cope with this difficulty. There is no doubt that probably half of the men who enter have no earthly right to do so, and of the other half only about a quarter have any vestige of a chance of winning, and yet any very drastic scheme might work out unjustly to some rising young player. It is said that many of those who enter are suffering from "swollen head." Personally, I do not think that is the reason why Jones from Foozleton-in-the-Mud, who has just won the monthly medal there, sends in his name. No. He wants a week's holiday and fun and some golfing education; he knows he will have to pay something for the privilege of using the club in any case, and he prefers to have a knock for his money. It is to this class of player that appeal should be made. When the notice of the meeting is sent round next year the various secretaries of the clubs should be asked to impress on their members, perhaps through their committees, that the club would prefer that no one would enter from that club unless he had a really good chance of winning the scratch medal. Of course, everyone who enters should for the rest of the year play from scratch—that, however, is a private matter which can be left to the discretion of the clubs.

It is possible that this appeal *ad misericordiam* may have some effect. It is certainly needed, judging from the class of players who think themselves justified in "having a go." This year there seemed to be more bad players than ever. Probably it was sheer funk, but I saw worse play on the first two days than one generally sees on an ordinary medal day at St. Andrews. Drives topped; iron shots foozled; and oh! the badness of the putting; it was painful to watch. But if nothing can stop Tom, Dick and Harry from entering, one can at least try so to arrange matters that their lives shall be short and not merry, and that all the good players shall not be in one part of the show and the bad ones in the other. That is the second point to be considered. The meeting of Mr. Ball and Mr. Laidlay in the first round this year brought the possible unfairness of the draw very prominently forward. It has happened, of course, before, and the criticism is no new one, yet year after year has passed without any effort to remedy the evil. And a remedy could be found. It certainly might add very considerably to the labours and responsibility of the committee and secretary of the officiating club for the year; but it could be done. Let there be, in Eton parlance, "strokes and bows"; that is to say, being interpreted, let the field be divided into two halves, good and bad. The result will be that, in the first round at any rate, two good players will not meet each other. This idea if put into operation might act as a deterrent to some of the "cripples," who might shrink from the blow to their *amour-propre* which would follow an overwhelming defeat. It would, of course, entail on the committee the necessity of getting information directly a man's name was sent in, and, of course, mistakes might be made; but nowadays a golfer's form is pretty easily got at. The third point is the most important, for it involves a reconstitution of the whole method of playing the amateur championship. The complaint is general among the better players that an eighteen-hole match is too short for a proper test. It is like a five-furlong sprint or a fifty up at billiards. They would prefer thirty-six-hole matches. Now, if the play is to be overtaken in a week, this demand means preliminary qualification by score

play for sixteen or eight places; indeed, it must needs be eight, for it would take too long for sixteen to fight out thirty-six holes, not to take into consideration the strain on those who survive to the end. How are the eight to be determined? Qualification by scores is absolutely necessary, however much may be said against medal play by those who contend that match play is the true game of golf. There is no question in most golfers' minds that these are right; but, unfortunately, if this proposal to make the matches thirty-six holes is adopted, it would mean that under present conditions the meeting would last a fortnight. As it is most men find a week's hard golf enough for them, independently of the difficulty that the majority would find in being able to spare time from business. So let it be admitted that if the thirty-six-hole system be adopted we are face to face with score play. It has been said that with the present entries the whole field could not play a round in one day. That is not so. This year the field numbered 200 individuals, or 100 matches. On the Tuesday of the championship week play began at 9 a.m., and before 5 p.m. ninety-six matches had been sent off, while play finished at 7.30. Moreover, the time-table was considerably interfered with by ties in matches. Play at this time of year could commence an hour earlier and continue an hour later, so that probably 120 matches could be coped with. The second day would be easier, for of course the open championship rule would be adopted, under which those not within a certain number of strokes of the leader would have to retire. There would have to be considered the question of ties, and the following suggestion might be worth consideration: Let Wednesday be a blank day save for the determination of ties, then Thursday, Friday and Saturday would see some grand golf and we should have the certainty that the best players would be left in to the bitter end. The scheme is not ideal, but it might be worth considering if it is determined to change the present conditions. But in any case there is no reason why the "stroke and bow" system should not be tried, and that next year.

OTHER SIDES OF THE PROBLEM.

WE publish Mr. Kinloch's remarks not necessarily as being in perfect agreement with all of them, but rather because it is good that every point of view should be given on a subject which really is so difficult. On the whole, however, we are disposed to agree with what appears to be his general opinion, namely, that, if this matter could be adequately dealt with by the good sense of golfers (communicated to them, if necessary, with a little gentle pressure by the authorities of the different clubs), the solution would be better reached in that way than in any other. At the same time, it has always to be remembered that the number of good golfers—of golfers who really have some remote chance of winning championship honours—is steadily and rapidly increasing. A great mistake is made by those who deem that the entry list is so large merely on account of the large number of "ineligibles" who enter, and any legislation or any check on the entries which is based on that assumption will come to a bad end, because of the mistake which the assumption involves. If there are not now, in a very few years there will be, enough of the really good players to make the entry list unwieldily long, even if all the unfit be excluded. That is what makes the difficulty so real.

THE SUGGESTIONS AT THE DELEGATES' MEETING.

The suggestions to meet the growing evil which were discussed at the last meeting of the amateur championship delegates resolved themselves, as we are informed, into three: 1. That all clubs be asked to place any of their members who enter for the amateur championship at scratch for all future competitions. 2. That no one be allowed to enter for the amateur championship unless he has been playing at or behind scratch in all competitions for twelve months at least before the date of entry. 3. That all players entering for the amateur championship be required to play two rounds of the links over which the championship is to be played, and the thirty-two players returning the lowest scores to be drawn to play off by match play for the title of amateur champion. Each match to be one of thirty-six holes. The discussion was of a purely informal nature, no vote being taken on the suggestions, nor any power of voting on them being accorded to the delegates; but it was understood that they should bring these suggestions before their respective clubs, and it is to be supposed likely that if one or other of them obtains the consensus of a majority of the clubs that have a right to a vote in respect to the amateur championship regulations, such suggestion will be adopted. If, on the other hand, none of the suggestions receives the consensus of a majority, it is probable that, for the present, nothing will be done.

CRITICISM OF THE SUGGESTIONS.

In regard to the first two of these suggestions it is evident that both alike have the drawback of offering as the test of fitness for entry a standard

which is purely arbitrary, is quite different at one club and at another, and is liable to alteration from time to time. Moreover, it is not likely that they would be at all effective for their designed purpose for the reason just mentioned, namely, that the numbers of those who are really quite qualified to be candidates for this championship honour will very soon be, if they are not already, so large that the entry list will be hopelessly long, even if all the obviously unfit are excluded from it, as these devices would exclude them. The third suggestion is that which appears to be far the fairest, but it has the almost fatal objection that it would prolong the competition and spread it over eight days, instead of merely over the already more than sufficient five. Life is short, and there are in it other affairs besides golf championships which invite attention. It does not look, therefore, as if in any of these suggestions the ideal solution had been found. If any of our readers has it in his pocket we should welcome it as a boon if he would confide it to us for publication to a grateful world. For the moment—that is to say, until the numbers increase so much as to make yet another day's play absolutely necessary—we are almost disposed to think it better to bear the ills we have than to fly to (possibly) worse. It is, perhaps, the conclusion of the coward. If only a change distinctly for the better could be proposed we should all welcome it.

THE SECRET OF LONG DRIVING.

Fry's Magazine for July has an article on long driving, in which Mr. Henry Leach has collected the views on the subject of such men, who are qualified by their practice to indulge in theory, as Mr. Edward Blackwell, Mr. Herman de Zoete, Mr. de Montmorancy, Mr. J. Graham and a few more, some of whom are not at all long drivers. That which comes out as by far the greatest common measure of the wisdom of so many councillors is that the secret of long driving is the "timing" of the blow—i.e., putting in the force and the strength of all the various helpful muscles at the right moment—the brief moment, namely, of the impact of club and ball. It must not be said that this is a conclusion of brilliant novelty; it would be most unfortunate, as proving that we had been working all our golfing lives on a wrong principle, if they had shown us any new thing as the mainspring of the drive; but the collection of the opinions of the experts is always an interesting one to the inexpert, and there are other subsidiary points that one or other of them makes, beside the central one, common to nearly all, that correct timing is the great thing.

ANOMALOUS GREEN FEES.

There is a certain and considerable anomaly in regard to the incidence of payment of green-money—money designed to defray expenses of maintenance of the green—on the pockets of members and of visitors respectively on some of those greens where the annual subscription is low. There are clubs where the members pay an annual green fee of as much as 30s. A member only becomes liable for this in the event of his playing on the course during the year. The origin of the heavy green fee is generally

That if a stranger comes to such a course he can, according to the regulation of almost every club, be put down for it, to enjoy its privileges, for a day or two gratis, or on payment of a very moderate fee, whereas the visiting member, on the contrary, is mulcted of this whole green fee, to the extent perhaps of 30s., for the same privilege. That is to say, that instead of getting any advantage from his membership of the club and payment of the annual subscription, he is at a great pecuniary disadvantage compared with the non-member. This does not seem quite fair. It would be more



ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND: VARDON AND BRAID ON FIRST TEE.

equitable that a bye-law should be passed providing that no member should pay, for a few days' play, not covering the date of any competition, a sum as green fee larger than the sum which a temporary member would pay for the same privilege. There would remain the unfairness that the member would get no advantage from his annual payment of subscription, but the absurdity of his being penalised for paying it would be removed.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE CADDIE AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

THE ladies who took part in the Scottish Ladies' Championship at Troon a few days ago, had something more to worry them than teed balls that went askant and easy putts that were missed. They ran great peril of having to shoulder their own clubs. In a very real and practical sense the schoolmaster was at home instead of being abroad. He took great care to see that the pupils entrusted by the community to his supervision, though they crept with well-soaped faces unwillingly to school, should not cast their learning into the Troon sand bunkers. The inroad of the Scottish ladies upon the Troon links in order to play the competitions and the matches for the championship created a saddening dearth of club carriers. The regular caddies attached to the club, and the supply of youths with nothing particular to do and plenty of time in which to do it, had been all pressed into the service of the Scottish ladies as *preux chevaliers*; but even then there was a remnant of players apparently doomed to contemplate the prospect of having to face the battle of the links without the aid of a caddie. In the difficulty the Troon caddie master obtained from the local schoolmaster twenty-six boys to act as caddies for the ladies. One can well conceive the gay and sprightly alacrity with which the boys obeyed the call to come out

and take a share in the sport among the Scottish ladies on the links. A poet once issued an invitation to a child in which he said "the schoolroom's a cell; leave study and books for the upland and dell." When the Troon schoolboys heard from the master that the Scottish lady golfers wanted the help of thirty of them, there is no difficulty on the part of all grown golfers who have enjoyed the privilege to be birched in their day and generation



ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND: "THE ALPS" GREEN, HOYLAKES.

that the club began with a very low subscription, perhaps not more than 10s. a year, and no green fee at all. This sufficed for the golfer's modest needs on more than one green of the seaside type when golf first began to "boom" in England. Later, finding that it required a larger income, the club, instead of raising its subscription, which might have had the effect of frightening away some of its members who seldom visited it, devised the plan of imposing the big green fee for which a single day's or even a single stroke's play on the course made the player liable. The injustice of the method lies in this:

in imagining the joy of those who were selected and the keen disappointment of those who were once again relegated to the mastering of their tasks. All of the boys would have preferred without doubt to risk the rain and the buffeting breezes of the links to the mental exercise of drawing the historical portraits of Boadicea and Helen MacGregor, and of contrasting the warlike days in which those estimable ladies lived.

But apparently there was a hitch in the future supply of boys as club-carriers. The inference seems to be that there was truancy on the part of some of the scholars, for when the schoolmaster was applied to on a subsequent day for another supply of caddies the application was refused. Intimation was then made by the head-master that any lady player who employed a boy under fourteen years of age would be prosecuted. The caddie master stated that, when schoolboys were engaged on special occasions like this championship meeting, the greatest care was taken to see that the boys who were not wanted to carry clubs on any particular day should return immediately to school, and that generally no encouragement was given on other occasions to the boys to absent themselves from school in order to carry clubs. That is the proper and sensible view to take of

to express the hope that golfers everywhere will refuse the help of a schoolboy during school hours. It is a duty owed to the schoolmaster as well as to the boy himself. A. J. ROBERTSON.

THE ROYAL RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.

IT is impossible to avoid contrasting the Richmond Show held at the end of last week, now in its sixteenth year, with the great show at Olympia which had concluded at a late hour the previous day. The place and its surroundings were so different, the crisp fresh air, green turf and grey sky came as a great relief to everyone, and the gathering crowd, many of whom had been frequent visitors to the show in London, showed its appreciation of the difference by thronging the lawns and collecting rings, preferring the comparative freedom of the open to the formality of the stands. There was at midday a goodly gathering of carriages and motor-cars, which increased as the afternoon wore on, the improvement in the weather inducing many ladies to put in an appearance in their summer frocks. Prince Francis of Teck, in the absence of the Duke, presided at the luncheon; the speeches were of the briefest, and everyone was glad of the opportunity afterwards to stroll about. The influence of Olympia was apparent, for in the ring was the prize-winning performer on the coach horn, who called and dismissed the classes in the business-like way to which the public had become accustomed at Olympia. The big jumping fences were also in position, but the expectation that the horses which would try for the special prize would exceed the Olympia limit of 7ft. was damped by the knowledge that All Fours, the winner at Olympia, had early that morning left the country of her adoption and gone to seek fresh honours under a Belgian owner. Two judging rings were occupied in the early hours of Friday, and the novice classes were quickly despatched, making room for what has always been one of the attractions at Richmond, the harness classes; the hunters were left till Saturday. In the hacks under 15h. Sun Dance, which appeared at Olympia as exhibited by Mr. W. Winans, was the winner. It was explained that in making the entries Sun Dance, which is the property of Mr. Vivian Gooch, was sent in with Mr. Winans's horses and was inadvertently entered as his, the error



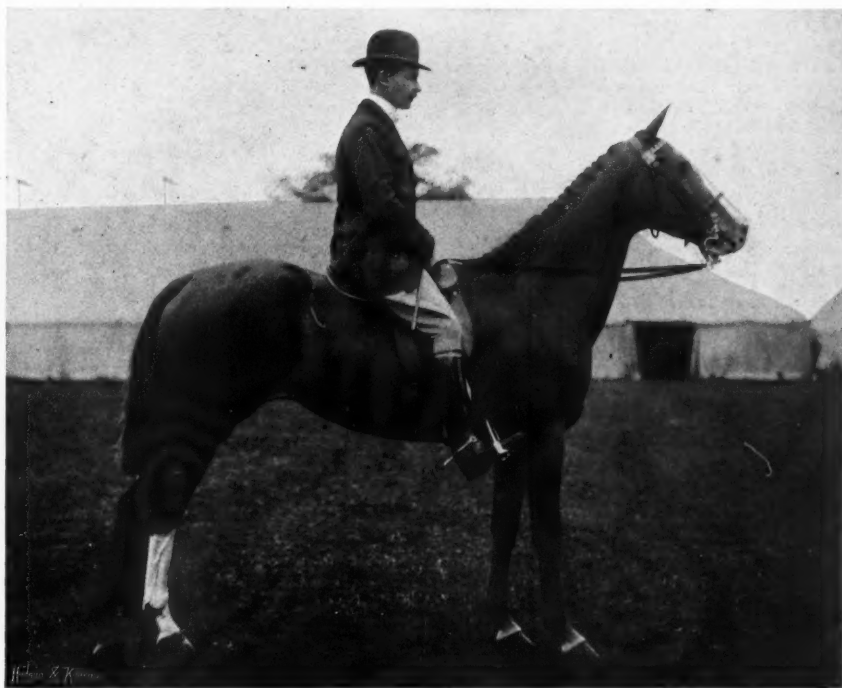
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TISSINGTON KITCAT.

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an extremely difficult and delicate problem connected with the playing of the game on links in the neighbourhood of a town. It represents the view, moreover, of every executive of a golf club; and all golfers, whether ladies or gentlemen, would rather face the physical discomfort of stooping at every shot to pick up a heavy bag of clubs than encourage any young scholar to play the truant. It is interesting also to put on record the statement of the Troon caddie master at a time when some writers inveigh against the demoralising tendencies of golf for its indiscriminate encouragement of the caddie. Here is evidence to show that all due precautions are taken, at any rate, to see that the schoolboy is not allowed to imperil his future chances in life by wilful neglect of his opportunities to become a good and serviceable citizen hereafter. Short, however, of taking these boys by the hand and leading them back from the links to the schoolroom there seems to be no effective method of getting them back to their tasks. They skip into the liberty of the links with a light heart, and then the promises they make are apt to be forgotten.

The schoolmaster with links at the schoolroom door is sure to have a hard duty in discipline. The boys will watch the tee shots at the first tee through the window rather than the lesson on the blackboard; they will stretch their imaginations to conjure up the character of the last putt in utter forgetfulness of the question that is addressed to them by the master. The schoolmasters at Gullane and Dirlerton have had to contend with the same difficulty as that which has occurred at Troon. One may be permitted



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SUN DANCE.

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was discovered too late for alteration in the catalogue. This was not the only discrepancy between the two catalogues. Mr. Stokes's Whiskey, a bay gelding seven years old at Olympia, became a black gelding eight years old at Richmond. Evidently a little careful editing of the printer's efforts was required. Beau Ideal was to the front again in hacks over 15h., taking the challenge cup as well, Sun Dance being the reserve horse. In the pony class the judgment at Olympia was confirmed, Ferniehurst Fortuna and Little Prudence being placed first and second respectively, and Grey Light, a white stallion with some style, third. In the ponies 14h. 11in. and under, Mr. Howard Frank's Tissington Kit-Cat was easily first, being followed by Messrs. W. and I. Ferguson's Queen Go Bang and Mr. Goad's Clyde Vale Pick-em-up. Mr. Howard Frank won the novice harness class with Tissington Cock Robin, a greatly fancied horse which will be heard of again in the showing. The challenge cup for the best novice harness horse fell to him. Second and third went to Mrs. Holmes's Dainty Kate and Mr. R. A. de Mancha's Ver Royal Empress. In novices over 15h., Grangelt, belonging to Mr. W. Burnell Tubbs, took premier honours, Mr. T. B. Sykes's Zaverda second, Mr. Paul Hoffmann's The Gentleman being third. The pair-horse class was a strong international one, honours, however, falling to Mrs. Hartley Batt with Hopwood Spark and Hopwood Horace; Londesbora and Lonsdale, belonging to Mr. Winaus, being second and Mr. Hoffmann's The Gem and The Gentleman third. In the single-horse class over 15h., Mr. John Jones won with Cherry Boy over Mr. Gerard Juyen's British King and Mr. H. Lemarchant's Chieftain. The contest was a very keen one, and the horses had to be sent frequently round the ring before the judges came to a decision. The horses were very even in their action. The contest for the challenge cup in Class 19, single harness horses any height, was a most interesting one for the decision of the judges, and the placing of the horses was very long in being declared; Heathfield Squire, now an aged horse, fought hard for the position, but youth was not to be denied, and Mr. Burnell Tubbs's Gongelt, driven by a very young lady,

heavy rains as we have had in the early part of the summer the ground was not favourable for the hunters. Jumping at Olympia and Richmond are two totally different things. At one place the confined space, the tan, the proximity of the crowd, "the noise of the shouting and the trumpets," all tend to upset the horses and the horsemen. Whatever the intention, the band was not always happy in its selections during the jumping at Olympia, and it was noticed that just as a horse approached his fences the musicians considered the situation required greater emphasis on their instruments. At Richmond one band is away on the lawn (and the remarkable echo at



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MR. VANDERBILT'S ROAD TEAM.

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Richmond was very distinct on Friday), the other is in the centre of the ring, and the music does not sound so loud in the open air. Many good horses, especially on the first two days at Olympia, were put off, refused their fences and had to be ordered out because of the unusual surroundings. Many of the horses engaged at Olympia appeared at Richmond, and their form was greatly improved in the open. Something, however, must be put down to the week's hard practice in the case of those horses which were left in on Thursday, for it was noticed how greatly they improved in manners and jumping as the week went on. Whiskey, an old Richmond favourite and the property of Mr. J. H. Stokes, carried all before him and won the champion class and both cups. Something must be said for the riding also, his behaviour in the ladies'

hunter class at Olympia marking him out as just what one would wish a lady's horse to be. Richmond has undoubtedly every natural advantage in its favour; a horse has time to get well warmed to his work and, being in the open with little to distract him, can do his best. Good horsemen would not accept the decisions come to at Olympia, in the hunter classes, when they had to jump, as final. The rain on Saturday afternoon completely took the edge off the meeting, and the anticipated spectacle of the high jumping being of a sensational character was doomed to disappointment. A very useful new class had been introduced for hunter foals, and this was fairly filled, the challenge cup going to Mr. J. A. Mullen's foal by Glenrossal out of Glowworm, with Mr. F. G. Colman's foal by Riverstown out of Homely Lass in reserve. The park pairs and teams, which are always a feature, on Saturday suffered from the inclemency of the weather. Additional interest had been added to the entries by the appearance of the American and French pairs and teams, and it is to



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CHERRY BOY.

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be regretted that the uncertainty of Richmond Horse Show weather should have spoiled the afternoon. This international rivalry has added greatly to the interest of these meetings, and if there is an international show next year the wish may be expressed that more Colonial owners may be represented. What the Australian horse can do has been shown by the performance of All Fours, and as there are many good jumpers in Australia, they will have the opportunity of showing their quality. Those who are acquainted with the many excellent qualities of the "Waler" know that he will be able to hold his own in a hard-contested field.

Saturday opened with awful weather; the going was very heavy and treacherous, and, although there has been great improvement in the state of the Old Deer Park, after such